THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. VI. APRIL, 1867. VOL. II.

GEN. BEAUREGARD ON THE SITUATION AT RICHMOND, MAY, 1864.

Hd. Qr's. Dep't. N. C. and S. Va.,
Drury's Bluff, May 14th, 1864.

General Braxton Bragg,
Commanding General.

GENERAL :—Considering the vital importance of the issue involved and resting upon the success of the plan suggested to you this morning, I have deemed it desirable and appropriate, that its substance should be briefly communicated in writing as follows:

General Lee's army at Guinea Station and my command at this place are on nearly a right line passing through Richmond, Grant's army being on the left flank and Butler's on the right; our lines are thus interior.

Butler's aim is unquestionably to invest and turn Drury's Bluff, threatening and holding the Petersburg and Danville Rail Roads, opening the obstructions in the river at Fort Drury for the passage of war vessels, necessitating then the retreat of General Lee to the lines about Richmond. With the railroads held by the enemy, Grant in front and Butler in rear of the works around Richmond, the capital would be practically invested and the issue may well be dreaded.

The plan suggested is, that General Lee should fall back to the defensive lines of the Chickahominy, even to the intermediate lines of Richmond, sending temporarily to this place 15,000 men of his troops; immediately upon that accession to my present force, I would take the offensive and attack Butler vigorously. Such a move properly made would throw me directly upon Butler's communications, and (as he now stands) on his right flank, well towards the rear; General Whiting should also move simultaneously. Butler must then be necessarily crushed or captured and all the stores of that army would fall in our hands; an amount probably that would make an interruption in our communications, for a period of a few days, a matter of no serious inconvenience.

The proposed attack should be accomplished in two days, at furthest, after receiving my re-inforcements: This done, I would move with 10,000 more men to the assistance of General Lee than I received from him, and Grant's fate would not long remain doubtful.

The destruction of Grant's forces would open the way for the recovery of most of our lost territory, as already submitted to you in general terms. Respectfully, &c.

(Signed) G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Note. General Bragg (then acting General in Chief of the armies of the Confederacy) refused (although approving it) to act on this plan of operations—because he did not feel authorized to withdraw, even temporarily, troops from General Lee without the approval of the President, who, being apprised of that plan, came an hour afterward, purposely to Drury's Bluff, to discuss its merits with me. After a discussion of about two hours, he concluded that General Lee could not spare, for 48 or even 24 hours, the troops I needed—but that 5000 men of those about Richmond under Maj. Gen. Ransom would join me that day or the next, thus increasing my forces at Drury's Bluff to about 15,000 men against about 30,000 of the enemy, in position, under General Butler, who had been partially successful in his attack of the preceeding day.

My troops never having fought together before, and only two or three brigades of them having ever served under my orders—could not, of course, be expected to move with that precision and steadiness so necessary to success. They fought well and bravely, as usual, but the result was not as brilliant as would have been the case, if they had been accustomed to move and fight together under known and experienced commanders.

(Signed) G. T. BEAUREGARD.

H'D. QRS. Dep't N. C., and S. Va.
DRURY'S BLUFF, May 15th, 1864.

To his Excellency President Davis,
Richmond, Va.

SIR:—Upon further inquiry, as to the shortest and safest route, *via* Newby's bridge, by which Maj. General Whiting could travel with his small force to this point, it was found he would require two days to reach here, the distance being at least 34 miles, with roads in a bad condition owing to the prevailing rains. In a telegram of this morning, he expresses his fears of an immediate attack upon him by the enemy.

At the same time, Capt. Davidson of the Navy informs me that a large fleet of gunboats and transports of the enemy are about four miles below Chaffin's Bluff, probably to re-inforce Butler and make a combined attack by land and water.

Under these circumstances, and in view of the fact that the enemy is diligently employed in erecting batteries and rifle-pits around this place, further delay might be fatal to success and I have determined to attack him at daybreak to-morrow morning, with the forces at present available here, increased by Barton's brigade as authorized by you.

I have ordered Major General Whiting to coöperate with all his forces, by attacking the enemy in rear from Swift creek. A copy of my instructions to him and of my order of battle will be forwarded as soon as practicable, to the War Department.

I have availed myself of the services of Major General Ransom, to command one of the divisions of this army. I hope under the protection of a kind Providence, that our efforts, to-morrow, will be successful. I remain, very respectfully your obed't serv't.

(Signed) G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes; but the Lord weigheth the spirits.

HON. ARTHUR P. HAYNE.

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

The least attentive student of American History, cannot fail to recollect, that amongst the long list of statesmen and patriots, who have illustrated the history, and given eclat to the character of South Carolina, few have been more illustrious, than the Hayne family. The tragic fate of one of them near the end of the Revolutionary war, even yet excites a mournful interest for his untimely execution; and his martyrdom, has consigned to infamy, the name of his brutal executioner.

In more modern times, another member of the same family, has in civil and political life, acquired a fame and character, not less brilliant and distinguished. Allusion is here had to Robert Y. Hayne—who, as a Senator from South Carolina during the Tariff excitement of that period, met and vanquished in the U. S. Senate, the giant Webster, and other advocates of the protective policy; and as Governor of his State during the Nullification conflict, gallantly unfurled the Palmetto banner to the breeze and issued his Proclamation, asserting the sovreignty and independence of South Carolina.

Scarcely less distinguished in the service of his country, both in a military and political capacity, was his brother, whose name is placed at the head of this brief notice, Colonel Arthur P. Hayne.—He is believed to be a native of Charleston. He, early in life, exhibited talents and capacity decidedly military. His face, his mien, his features, his voice, his idiosyncracies even, were all essentially martial. He was not brave only—he was enterprising, adventurous, heroic. Had he been in France at the time of the Revolution, he would have been one of the Marshals of the first Napoleon. He was "born to command." Nor did he disappoint the auguries of his birth. Not to mention other and earlier martial achievements, he was, in 1814, attached to the command of General Jackson in the defence of Louisiana, and of New Orleans. He became one of the aids of that great chieftain, and was present with him on the night of December 22d, striking at, and repulsing almost the entire British forces while disembarking from their shipping and attempting to invade the main-land. The enemy were driven back. This prompt resistance on the part of the inconsiderable forces, which had yet reached Jackson's standard, impressed Lord Packenham afterwards with extreme caution—taught him to respect the American commander—gave two weeks more time for the arrival of the Tennessee troops under General Carroll, and thus really secured the remarkable victory on the 8th January, 1815.

Having assisted in this night repulse of the enemy, Colonel Hayne, Jackson's Adjutant General, had fuller opportunity to drill the militia, who were now daily arriving at New Orleans, and preparing for its defence. The American army was far inferior in numbers and in discipline to the British.—But the former had rifles in their hands—they had too the spirit to use them. The plains of Chalmette were at once occupied, as the theatre of the coming conflict. They soon became immortal.—Marigny's house and garden were the head quarters of the American commander-in-chief.—

Jackson stood upon the veranda, glass in hand and overlooked the battle-field. The enemy's artillery shattered several of its columns. He kept his position unmoved and defiant, giving his orders through his aids-de-camp to the long line of batalions before him. The enemy was signally repulsed and hastily retreated. Jackson's vigilance was equal to his courage.—It was never at fault. His position commanded the view of his extreme left resting upon, or rather reaching to, the edge of the swamp. His eye detected the approach of what remained of the British army, evidently attempting to turn his left through the swamp. His plan was laid at once. He left the veranda—mounted his horse—called Colonel Hayne to his side and ordered him to go rapidly to General Coffee, "tell him to repair at once to the edge of the swamp where he will find me. By the Eternal God! we will leave our bones there or will keep the enemy from turning my left." Hayne obeyed this order punctually and promptly. In all the pictures of this great battle, Hayne is seen with Coffee and his Tennessee dragoons galloping to the point indicated by their daring commander. The issue is well known and need not be here repeated.

By his courage and conduct in this memorable battle and victory, Colonel Hayne secured the confidence of the officers and soldiers engaged in them. General Jackson esteemed him highly—assigned him to further duties in Florida and elsewhere on the Gulf coast, and became his warm friend and patron. This cordiality was reciprocated by Colonel Hayne, who never allowed Jackson to be maligned, traduced, or misrepresented in his presence.

Colonel H. afterwards represented St. Michael's and St. Philip's Parishes, in the S. C. Legislature. While there, he was active in the support of his old commander, as President of the United States.—During his administration, Colonel H. was appointed Minister to Naples, and acquitted himself well. Some time after his return to the United States, he was made Senator in Congress—a position previously held by his deceased brother, Governor Hayne.

When, in 1861, the fight took place in the harbor of Charleston, Colonel Hayne true to the motto of his State, "*animis opibusque parati*," and animated with the true Palmetto spirit took the side of his native Carolina. When the city itself was threatened, though very feeble and old—perhaps an octogenarian—he mounted his horse as of old, rode through the streets urging all the citizens to repair to the wharf, and meet the invaders at the water's edge.

Colonel H. was a devout worshipper in St. Michael's, and when he was able to attend was seldom absent from his pew. He was a gentleman of the olden time and of the olden school, dignified, urbane, hospitable, chivalric and honorable, proud of his family—his State—his principles and his character. In many of his traits, he very much resembled General Jackson himself. Indeed in his admiration of that great man—that true patriot—that heroic chieftain, he was always enthusiastic—always ardent—always sincere. And it is not strange that as Jefferson and Adams died on the fourth of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, they had both been so active in making the natal day of their country—that Colonel Hayne too should fifty-two years after the victory of New Orleans—the 8th of January, 1867—bid adieu to time—to earth—to country—and to all below. The coincidence is at least remarkable. That day had been often celebrated publicly in Charleston. Its return had often excited the admiration and rekindled the enthusiasm and stimu-

lated the pride of his earlier years. Enfeebled by age and its infirmities, his enthusiasm may have become an ecstasy, and in this frame of mind he may have been gathered to his fathers and taken home to Heaven.

I! Bone quo virtus tua te vocat. I! Pede fausto laturus grandia meritorum premia.

WINE ON THE LEES.

AN IDYL.

"Twelve years ago to-day;—how short it seems!
And but that you have calendared the time
Beyond disproof, I should affirm it less
By half a dozen, since that English June
Gave me my English Ethel as my wife.
Do you remember how we wrangled, strove,
Grew angry, and made up a score of times,
Ere we could fix the memorable day—
The golden pivot upon which should turn
Our whole broad future"?

"Ah,—so like a man,
To ask if I remember! Women's hearts
Are not such waxen tablets as you fain:
Love's stylus has, for her, a diamond point;
And smoothe the plastic surface as she may,
It cuts into the ivory beneath,
And leaves its sharp, incisive characters
Engraven there forever. Wiser man
Gives Love a reed to write with; there's the difference."

"My inconclusive, sweet philosopher!
Was it a reed I wrote with, when I marked
Down in my book of life, that tenth of June?"

"Nay,—for the nonce, I lent my diamond point;
Or rather, I insist it *was* a reed,
But that the tablet was a woman's heart.
Once cut your name upon a sapling's bark,
And all the sweeping years of storm and shine,
Will only greaten it, until the scar
Becomes exaggerate in its deepening growth:
'Tis so with us ——"

"I do believe it, sweet!
But memory cannot hold a mirror up
More crystal clear to you,—reflecting back
The precious nothings of that bridal morn,—
Than now she does for me. I seemed to breathe
An air so rarified, that every sense
Was quickened; and how well I can recall

A lark's song, dropping from a higher height
Than I had ever heard it: overmuch
The hawthorn blooms oppressed me; and I saw
The bridal favors at your horses' ears,
A long half mile off——"

"If it comes to that,
I saw you earlier—watched you take the rose,
And then dismount at Thorncliff church, and knew
The very moment when your eye first caught
Sight of our carriages:—you paused to twine
The hedge-rose in your button-hole."

"I did!
—The one the beadle's child had offered me,
With such 'a fair good morrow'—that I thought
The omen fortunate, and so—"

"You gave
It me before your greeting, I remember:
Prest 'twixt our wedding-cards, I have it yet,
To show to Madge, when she is old enough—
Sweet baby-Madge—my unblown English rose!"

"And I— you know the box of sandal-wood,
That holds my dear, dead mother's tress of hair,
And other precious things:—this golden key
Here on my chain unlocks it:—Well,—beneath
Those packages of lavender'd letters, tied
With ribbon, fresh no longer,—labeled each,
—'*To be destroyed unread, in case of death*'—
I hide with jealous care, a torn, white glove.
You may forget, that as we stood together,
Within the quaint stone porch, one moment ere
We walked the aisle in arm,—you strove to draw
Your glove with tremulous fingers on your hand,
And rent it piteously: a pretty passion
It was to watch."

"Oh, aye,—I see it all!
You, looking down from your supernal calm,
On the poor hooded falcon at your wrist,
For whom the gyves were ready!"

"Mock on so!
I love to feel the flutter of your wings
Under my hand,—full conscious all the while,
That did I spread it wide, and bid you fly,
I could not shake you from your chosen perch.
Say that you would not, for the world, be free;—
Say that you would not leave this Southern home,
Recross the Atlantic—blot these dozen years,
And stand in your unclaimed and girlish grace,
A maiden, in the Thorncliff porch again."

"No—no!—These years have dowered me with all
The rich experiences of blessedness,

That round full womanhood. And resting thus,
Islanded by these arms, I'm proud to feel
I had so much to give—home, country, friends,
And I, ungrudging, gave them all for—this.
Yet youth is sweet;—I was but twenty then—"

"Not half so sweet, nor tithe so beautiful
As this matured, consummate thirty-two!
No girl-like crudities to set the teeth
On edge, upon occasion; no light airs
Of pretty vacillation, easy borne
In patient faith, by lovers, which become
Siroccos unto husbands: no false views
Of life and all its serious loveliness:
But something better far an hundred fold:
The golden summer with the heart of spring—
The fruit inclusive of the fragrant flower—
The beaming noon-tide, fresh with morning dews!

But see! The last pale fleck of amethyst
Dies from our mountain peak: and now, ere Madge
Comes clamoring for her nightly cradle-hymn,
Or Harry with his puzzling paradigm,
Begs me to help him with *amo-amare*—
Run these dear fingers o'er the ivory keys,
And sing the song I taught you yesterday."

"Fill the jewel-crusted beaker!
From the first-ripe vine,
Gather grapes, ambrosia-fruited,
And express their wine.

Honey'd, lucent, amber-tinted;
Could old Massic shine
With a foam whose beaded opals
Sunnier lights enshrine?

When did laughing, gay Bacchante
Fuller clusters twine
Round the edges of a chalice?
Yet these lips of mine—

Sometimes crave a racier vintage—
Sometimes dare to pine
For that wondrous, witching essence,
Rare and fair and fine;

Fraught with immemorial richness,
Like a royal line,
Such as ripening years can give it,
Through their long decline.

Hence then,—young love's jewel'd beaker,
With its fresh-prest wine!
Keep it till it gather clearness—
Till the lees refine:

Till each tinge of harshness mellows—
Till all sweets combine
To prepare my heart a potion
That shall be divine."

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

CHAPTER III.

PAIRED—NOT MATCHED.

So Camille went on her way; building an altar in her heart for the unseen Loui; and then placing upon it his image as painted by her girlish fancy, she fell down and worshipped it with the fervor of a Grecian priestess prostrating herself before the shrine of the Delphic Apollo.

While descanting upon the manifold perfections of her nephew, Mademoiselle had not failed to dilate with great emphasis upon one trait of such strength and fixedness as to color to some extent, his whole life. This was a distrust of woman, and an utter disbelief in her capacity for loving with real devotion and endurance.

Loui judged the sex by the light-headed, empty-hearted specimens, with whom he had been associated in the fashionable and highly artificial circles of society, in which his Paris life had been passed; pursuing his investigations by means of such facilities for arriving at a proper knowledge of womanly character, as were afforded by the *Coulisses* of the Opera or the Green-room of La Mabille.

From these infallible premises, he deduced the conviction that woman as depicted by poets, had no existence outside their enthusiastic imaginations, which painted her not as she is, but as she should be!

Joined to this belief, so his aunt averred, was an intense desire to prove himself mistaken and to become the fortunate finder of the treasure, the very possibility of whose existence, he derided. In which event, he was prepared to pour upon her an amount of devotion as full and perfect, as it is in man's nature to bestow.

Camille quickly comprehended the case, and considered the possession of an opinion so unfavorable to her sex, as an additional proof of the lofty intellect and superior acquirements of her hero, wondering in her simplicity, if earth really could contain a woman sufficiently good and beautiful to be the recipient of such a treasure, as the love of her magnificent cousin. This wonder deepened, when the cousin in question suddenly presented himself at Belle Espérance and more than

realized even her exalted ideal, while any doubt as to the existence of one sufficiently worthy to be honored with his love, was lost in a conviction that such was an impossibility.

Her amazement may be conceived, when a few days after his arrival, during which time Loui had ignored her existence, as completely as was consonant with his highly refined manners, Mademoiselle communicated the astounding fact that the express purpose of her nephew's visit was to solicit Camille to become his wife, which he did through her medium.

The girl's surprise was so great that it deprived her, at first, of all power to take in the reality of what was presented to her ear.

As soon as she regained her faculties, she burst into a passionate declaration of her own unworthiness, and the utter impossibility of her cousin being able to find in her anything to inspire love.

"I am ugly," she pleaded, "and so ignorant. How can he love me!—and he does not know me—he has seen me only three days."

"Love, little one," said Mademoiselle sententiously, "is a feeling not necessarily dependent upon months, or years of mutual acquaintance! Instances have occurred, in which one has learned to love another simply from representations made by a third party," and she looked full in the face of the young girl, who flushed crimson with detected guilt.

"My nephew" continued the old lady loftily, "is proud—he is reticent, and he will not stoop to convince a woman of his love.—Having once signified his desire to make you his wife, he will do no more than allow you to draw the conclusion such desire implies.—"Besides, little one," she continued, relapsing into her ordinary brisk cheeriness of manner, "why is it so wonderful that Loui should love thee? Thou art a quiet little body and wilt well perform the duties of his wife—and then thou art a La Fronde! As to his not knowing thee, remember that I have corresponded with him most freely, and as I talked of him to thee, so have I written of thee to him. Cease thy scruples and let me say to thy cousin, that in thee he beholds his willing wife. What! silent still? Then I take that silence as consent. Go now, the affair is a thing settled!"

"Settled" it certainly was so far as Camille was concerned, and she became little more than an automaton in the hands of Mademoiselle, who directed her movements in accordance with the inclinations of her nephew.

The interest or pleasure of the latter required his immdiate return to Paris; hence it was determined that the marriage should take place at once, so as to allow the young people an opportunity of taking passage in a steamship, which was to sail direct from New Orleans to Havre.

So it happened that Camille found herself, almost without the exercise of her own volition, the bride of her cousin, sitting silently in the fulness of her content, by his side, as they drove rapidly through the mist and rain of a winter morning.

Thanks to that rapid driving, they reached the rude landing just in time to hear the shrill whistle of the boat, as she rounded a small bluff and approached the wharf.

Having embarked, Loui seated Camille in the otherwise empty saloon, and then left her to pace the side deck and enjoy his cigar.

Having disposed of this luxury and finding the inclemency of the weather too great to be braved with comfort, he returned to the saloon of which Camille was still the only occupant, the earliness of the hour preventing the assemblage of the other passengers, and seated himself near her.

Apparently, his meditations had not been agreeable, and he seemed to be possessed of a restless, mocking spirit, which converted his indifferent, but elegant manner into one that was almost repulsive.

"Rather a gloomy commencement to a state of felicity, is it not, madame?" he said throwing himself back in his chair with a slight yawn. "However, if you are satisfied, so am I!"

She looked down at the flowers in the carpet at her feet, and then said very shyly. "I am more than satisfied—I am happy!"

"Happy!" he exclaimed disdainfully, and then laughed aloud. "Excuse my rudeness," he continued, so soon as he recovered his speech, "but it was unavoidable!" "The idea of your being able to extract anything like happiness from your present condition does seem so ludicrous, that I am not responsible for my mirth."

"Why should I not be happy?" she asked quickly, stung by something in his tone, then sinking her voice almost to a whisper she said. "Does not love make happiness?"

"Perhaps!"—was the reply with the most expressive of shrugs. "Never having experienced the passion, I am unable to pronounce upon its effects!"

The light smile, with which he looked at Camille as he said this, died away, when he met her gaze as forgetting her timidity and reserve, she looked him full in the face. Well might he be startled, for there was in her eyes an expression, which ill suited mirth, or levity, and which seemed to transform her into a new creature.

"You have never felt love?" she said slowly, "why then did you pretend to feel it? why am I here?"

"As to my pretending the feeling, permit me to remind you that I have never done so. For your being here—you are best fitted to answer that question!" and he gave her a look, whose significance was more expressive than any words.

She grew very pale and her features worked convulsively, and then settled into a kind of rigid stoniness. For several seconds, she seemed to struggle with pride and with some stronger feeling, and at last she said in a voice, which showed that every word was wrung from her:

"Do you not love me?"

"My faith! a searching question"—he replied gaily, but was stopped by the sight of the white face raised to his as the girl gasped out. "The truth—the truth—do not deceive me!"

"I will not upon my honor!" he said touched, by the sight of her grief, "in the future I may learn to love you—for the present I do not!"

"Why then did you marry me?" burst from the indignant lips of the girl, as she rose and stood before him.

"Partly because it was expedient that I should marry,"—was the reply given in the tone of one, who feels compelled to answer, as if on oath. "Partly to gratify the cherished desire of my aunt, and partly because she assured me that it was necessary to"——here he stopped abruptly.

"Go on!" rang out a clear steel-like voice. "I command it."

"Preserve your happiness and your life!"

He stopped as if he expected to see her faint at his feet, or at least weep violently; she did neither.

"It is enough," she said quietly, and turning away she walked to an open window, and stood looking at the swollen waters of the river, as they whirled by in headlong impetuosity.

For the first time in her young life, Camille thought, and the bounding, tumultuous river beneath her was a fitting type of the wild rush of perceptions and emotions, which swept through her

girlish heart, bearing every thing before their resistless current.

Sorrow sometimes does its work even more quickly than joy. Undine gained a soul by the transforming power of a few hours of happiness; moments of misery less in number effected the same change in Camille!

When she arose on the eventful morning of her marriage, she was a child in all except years, knowing no guide but her undisciplined fancy, no governing principle, but the momentary impulses by which she might be actuated.

By the process of a mental growth, more rapid than the vegetable one of that vine so inordinately prized by the Jewish Prophet, Camille had shot up into a woman, with a woman's quickness of intuition, readiness of decision, and promptness in action.

During the half hour, in which she stood at the window, she lived through an ordinary life time, in the varying emotions by which she was possessed. Faculties, hitherto so dormant that she had not so much as suspected their existence, sprang into being so suddenly that it would have filled her with surprise, had she been sufficiently calm to take notice of any thing so purely philosophical. As it was, she seized her new intellectual possessions as tools, by which she might carry into execution a plan suddenly conceived and matured, and which was the product of the storm of humiliation and sorrow that had just swept over her.—Some natures would have been stunned into a passive endurance of their misery by its very suddenness and force; but Camille, young and ignorant as she was, possessed a mind of no ordinary compass.—Consequently, so far from paralyzing her, the suffering she endured had the effect of rousing all her powers to their greatest possible activity, and enduing her with quickness and capacity for action, of which in her normal condition she had been utterly devoid.

A bell, ringing shrilly through the boat, summoned the passengers to breakfast, and the hasty opening of state-room doors and the hurried egress of their occupants, announced how gladly the call was obeyed.

Loui approached Camille with the hesitancy of one, who anticipates a scornful refusal to his unspoken request. But to his surprise and great relief, she turned towards him and walked down the steps, which led to the breakfast-room as quietly, as if no word of unpleasant conversation had passed between them, though she either did not, or would not, perceive his offered arm.

Such is the perversity of human nature, that Loui, even while benefited by its effects, blamed his wife for taking the very course, he had secretly hoped she would adopt.

True, by so doing she saved him from much awkwardness of feeling, and prevented the recurrence of those scenes, which in common with the rest of his sex, he so cordially disliked, but at the same time, her conduct afforded conclusive proof that Camille was a tame, apathetic creature, totally devoid of feeling and spirit.

Very little effort at conversation was made during the scarcely tasted meal, and none in the hour which passed until the appearance of the beautiful Crescent City afforded the prospect of a pleasant release from the confinement of the steamboat. Upon enquiring the precise day on which the French steamer was to sail, Loui was told that, owing to the completion of her arrangements in a shorter time than was originally expected, she would sail that morning; and that he had barely time to reach her.

However, by a liberal application of that universal "open sesame," the oil of palms, he succeeded in imparting so much ac-

tivity to those, whose assistance he required, that he managed to reach the steamer in ample time to perfect all his arrangements for the voyage.

As it was highly important that he should see his factor and obtain from him an addition to his supply of money, Loui informed Camille of the fact, and asked if she objected to remaining on the steamer until his return.

She replied with a quiet negative, and as in leaving her, he inclined his head with the grace, which seemed his natural possession, and invested even his slightest action with a peculiar beauty, he was struck by the singular look, which met him. So peculiar, indeed, was the look and so attractive, that as he walked away he was impelled by an irresistible impulse to turn around and look at Camille again. She had risen and with her head eagerly thrown forward, was looking at him with a strained fixedness, that was unaccountable. Her bonnet had fallen back and her black hair hung in picturesque confusion around her face. Her unearthly paleness had given place to a vivid crimson, and in her large black eyes intently fastened upon the retreating form of her husband, there was an expression of almost unearthly sadness and yearning love, the emanations of her new found soul, which lit them up with a dazzling brilliancy, and made them more than beautiful.

A strange sensation shot through Loui's heart, vague, half-formed, but wholly agreeable.—"Suppose after all," he thought, "I learn to love her. If she will look all the time as she does now, by Jove, the lesson will not be very difficult!"

He quitted the steamer, rode rapidly to his destination, transacted his business and hastened back to look again at the large, liquid eyes, which had been present to his thoughts in all the time that had elapsed since he had left them.

He was not at all too soon; finding Camille was not in the saloon, he enquired her whereabouts from the polite stewardess and was told, madame had retired to her state-room and was still there. Scarcely was this done, when the bell rung warning all persons not booked for the voyage, to leave the steamer, and shortly afterwards she left her moorings and glided off on her distant journey.

Loui, spoiled child as he was, and totally unaccustomed to have his desires frustrated, was provoked to find Camille absent at the only time he had ever desired her presence, and the disappointment rendered him all the more anxious for her appearance. She, however, preferred the seclusion of her state-room. So after examining the pictures hung around the handsome saloon, taking a casual glance at his companions, and then turning to the only reading matter at hand, consisting of the daily papers, guides to travelers, &c., &c., he threw himself on a sofa and abandoned himself to the unsubstantial, but agreeable business of castle building. He completed one of stately proportions within the precincts of that city, whose delights are so highly estimated by the inhabitants of France that their openly expressed belief is that when a good Frenchman dies he goes to—Paris! In this charming abode he reigned as sovereign lord, not the least of his enjoyments being found in the adoring service of a little creature, who certainly owned the most beautiful eyes in the world!

Under the tranquilising effects of his airy employment, Loui's handsome head dropped back on the crimson sofa and rested there in a light sleep. So attractive was it and its owner that a hybrid specimen of the human family, large in form, and bony in figure, who, in capacity of a school marm, had

left the mountains of ——— on a mission of love to the down trodden little black darlings of New Orleans, and was now on her way to Nassau, stopped in front of him and openly expressed her desire to examine it phrenologically.

He was saved such a misfortune by the loud ringing of the dinner bell, and woke to find himself sufficiently hungry to anticipate the act of dining with a most pleasurable feeling. He waited with exemplary patience for Camille, until the last passenger had left the saloon, and as she still lingered, he approached the door of her state-room, which was partially open, and knocked softly on it.

No reply, and after a short interval, he knocked again; still a silence, and convinced that Camille was sleeping, Loui called to her, and then hesitating for a moment, pushed open the door and entered the room. "I wonder how her eyes will look when she first opens them?" was his mental feeling, as he advanced to the pretty little bed, which, with its tasteful white draperies falling over it, was fastened to the side of the wall.

With more emotion than he could have believed possible, Loui bent down, drew aside the curtains and looked in. The place was empty!

TO BE CONTINUED.

"SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS."

I.

"*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*"—On the ears of the brave
Fall the words of our motto like sounds from the grave;
Like sounds from the grave, where the cherish'd are laid,
Or the death of her lover on the heart of a maid.

II.

Oh! Mother—fond Mother! thou'rt bleeding and torn,
And the Jacobins laugh at thy weakness in scorn;
Yet still there is left us the choice from on High,
Not as Erin to live—but Virginia to die.

III.

Then cherish'd Virginia, we bid thee farewell!
'Tis the seal of our doom and our Liberty's knell:
But still may we cherish thy Heaven-born fame,
And honor Virginia—though 'tis but a name.

IV.

"*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*"—We'll *whisper* it now,
Lest the mock'ry we speak bring a blush to our brow,
For the pride of our sires, in Virginians is dead;
The shadow is left—but the substance has fled.

Newbern, Virginia.

THE LAST OF THE CRUSADERS.*

Notwithstanding this fair outside, Don John detested the Netherlands most heartily; and naturally, he was little loved or trusted in return. He felt that Orange and not he was the master spirit in this land. Even outside his own provinces of Holland and Zealand, the influence of the Prince was unbounded. "There is but one man in the country," wrote Don John to the King, "and he is called the Prince of Orange.—His name is as much loved and respected as that of your Majesty is hated." Again and again he urges upon Philip his recall.—"An old woman with her distaff," he reports, "would be fitter to govern this people than a man, seeing that if they had their way, all that remained for the Governor to do would be to sign such papers as were put before him.—In fact, Don John had come to the Netherlands with but one purpose, to win a kingly crown for himself by the conquest of England and Scotland. Since this scheme had failed, in the language of his Secretary, the celebrated and ill-starred Escovedo, "all was weariness and death." Hidden for centuries in the archives of Simancas, and only lately revealed to the researches of historians, the correspondence of this man, Don John's intimate friend and adviser as well as private Secretary, with Antonio Perez, Philip's Secretary of State, forms at this epoch a most curious and instructive study. It is sufficiently evident, from the tenor of Escovedo's letters, that, however much Don John may have been absorbed in his own scheme of ambition, he contemplated no treason against his brother. He had served him on more than one occasion faithfully and well, and if he had aspired to an independent throne, he had not failed to seek Philip's sanction and aid. But for such a monarch to suspect that his own interests could be postponed, for whatever reasons, to the ambitious schemes of a servant, was to convict the offender at once of an unpardonable crime. His vengeance was not the less deadly, that it was slow and secret. To paint a character in colors all dark or bright is the sure mark of an inferior artist. Men are not angels nor demons. Yet as there are a few characters in history, whose virtues seem almost unmarred by any spot or blemish, so there are some apparently worthy of almost unmitigated abhorrence. To the latter belongs the character of Philip of Spain. Whatsoever things are base, whatsoever things are intolerant, whatsoever things are treacherous, if there be any meanness or if there be any cruelty, he seems to have measured its height and its depth. Berghen and Montigny, Horn and Egmont, slept in their bloody graves, done to death secretly or openly by his command. The wailings of murdered children, the shrieks of violated women, the graves of men burned, beheaded, torn by wild horses, gnawed by rats—all rose up to Heaven in witness against him. His own son, the unhappy Carlos, had found an early grave, not without the darkest suspicions of foul play, on the part of his unnatural father. His brother yet remained; but the disguised and deadly suspicion, which had proved fatal to so many had already marked him out for destruction. It is pitiable to read the letters of Don John and his secretary to the Spanish Court at

*Continued from page .

this time. Believing him to be their fast friend, both wrote in all confidence to Perez, unfolding the purposes and schemes of Don John and giving free expressions to their disgust at "the hell," in which they found themselves, in this nation "of drunkards and wine-skins." Perez's replies to these confidential letters were written apparently in all friendship and honor. He professed to enter heartily into Don John's plans of advancing himself, and to sympathize in his disgust at his present situation. As to his purpose to leave the Netherlands, at all costs, which Don John had more than once hinted at, he cautioned him to let Philip have no inkling of the matter; "for," continued he "it would never do to let our man see that we desire it, for then we should never succeed. The only way to conquer him is to make him think that things are going on as *he wishes* not as his Highness desires." It is needless to say that all these replies, together with the letters themselves of Don John and his secretary, were every one submitted to the perusal of Philip. The originals are still in existence marked with the tyrant's treacherous and tautological comments. It would be wonderful indeed, if, in such a correspondence, occasional expressions should not have occurred, which the ingenious suspicions of Philip could torture into "confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ," of treasonable designs on the part of his brother. As part of the sequel to this correspondence, and before following further the fortunes of Don John in the Netherlands, it may be well to anticipate a little to tell in a few words the fate of Escovedo.—A few months after this time, he returned to Spain with a view to further his master's interests at Court. For those who know anything of the character of Philip the Second, it is scarcely necessary to add that he never left it again. More than one Emissary from the Netherlands had already trod the same dark path to that fatal Court, which, like the lion's den, showed many footsteps turned thither, "*sed nulla vestigia retrorsum.*"—Soon after his return, Escovedo was murdered in the streets by six assassins in the pay and under the protection of his Most Catholic Majesty. The charge against him was complicity in an alleged plot of his master to hurl Philip from his throne. One would imagine that an excuse for murder, less absurd at least might have been concocted.

Meanwhile events in the Netherlands were tending fast to an open rupture. It has been already stated that Holland and Zealand had refused to join their sister Provinces in acceding to the terms of the "Perpetual Edict." The population of these latter was for the most part Roman Catholic, and they had therefore but little difficulty in subscribing to that article of the treaty, which provided for the supremacy of the religion of their choice. On the other hand, toleration in matters of religious opinion was the one great principle, for which the inhabitants of Holland and Zealand had so long and pertinaciously contended. As they had refused, at the sword's point, to surrender this principle, so they refused to surrender it to the blandishments and promises of Don John. The opinion and advice of Orange was the chart by which they steered; and the skillful pilot who had guided the bark safely when the storm blew loudest, was too wary, now that the winds had lulled, to run upon the hidden rock.—Orange, in fact, from the beginning meant war; and he so meant because he saw a safe and honorable peace to be impossible. After his acknowledgment as Governor, however, Don John and the emissaries of the "pacified" provinces made one more attempt to

avoid the inevitable issue, by coming to an understanding with the Prince. It ended as all previous attempts with a like object had ended. The envoys made a categorical demand upon Orange whether the Provinces he represented would be satisfied, touching the great issue in dispute between them, with the decision of the States-General upon the point The reply was in the negative, and the parties separated having accomplished nothing more than taking the measure of each other's claims. Negotiations between Don John and his antagonist were now fairly at an end, and the issue remained to be decided by the sword. But the conqueror of Grenada and Lepanto had no longer at his command the trained veterans, with whom he had won his earliest and brightest laurels. The Spanish troops were gone and the German mercenaries, who remained in the Low Countries, formed no more than the nucleus of an army. He might easily have supplied his deficiency in men and materials, if all the provinces that had acknowledged him as Governor had given him a hearty and unanimous support. But, in fact, even outside of his own States there was a large party, who wished well to the Prince of Orange.—Still another party, the nobles, though holding aloof, with the pride of their order, from the common herd, hated the Spanish rule with a perfect hatred. A third party, "Johannists" as they were called, formed the only portion of the population to which the Governor could look for a cordial support. In his very Capital, he felt insecure. Mysterious warnings began to reach him of a design to assassinate him, or to seize upon his person as a hostage. Filled with alarm at these intimations, and seeing himself without even a sufficient body guard to protect him against treasonable designs, he suddenly broke up his establishment at Brussels and removed to Mechlin. Still the solemn warnings followed him of plots set on foot, at the instigation of the ubiquitous Orange to deprive him of his liberty. Abruptly quitting Mechlin, he once more took refuge in the strong fortress of Namur; famous enough in these early times and still more so in the wars of Louis le Grand and his renowned, engineer, Vauban. He was not without a plausible pretext for this second change of residence. Under the pretence of seeking to benefit a health as perfect as her beauty, the fair Margaret of Valois was at this time flying from a husband she hated, to drink the waters of Spa. Her route lay through Namur, and gallantry required that the Governor should meet his lovely visitor on her way through his dominions. The Queen's reception by her youthful adorer was of regal splendor and magnificence. On the second afternoon of her two days stay in Namur, a festival was arranged for her entertainment on an island in the river.—The glancing waters of the Meuse were all alive that day with the fleet of gaily scarfed and painted vessels, which bore the brilliant company to their destination, and the air was vocal with the mellow strains from a hundred bands of music. Margaret herself reclined in a gilded barge shaded with a richly embroidered canopy. The scene strikingly suggests the gorgeous description of the poet—

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne
Burned on the water.
For her own person
It beggar'd all description: She did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature."

A fairer and a falser Queen than "Egypt" now smiled upon the hero, who had triumphed—not lost the world—beneath the

heights of Actium. He did not know that he saw in the lovely form and face before him, but an enemy the more dangerous in that the charms and fascinations, *he* found so irresistible, were as lavishly exerted to corrupt the fidelity of his subordinates. We can feel no sympathy with the cause he represented, but we can find it in our hearts to pity the fiery and impulsive hero thus surrounded with open enemies and false friends.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HUMORS OF THE MORGAN RAID INTO INDIANA AND OHIO.

When dangers have passed, beyond the possibility of a return, it is pleasant to sit in one's security and look back at the ludicrous that was associated with them, if any there was; and in cases of great dangers, it is rarely otherwise.

Such is my condition now, with reference to the great raid into Indiana and Ohio made by General John Morgan and his forces in 1863.

At the time the movement commenced, I was stopping at the little town of Leavenworth, on the Indiana side of the Ohio river, sixty miles below Louisville. The steamer Lady Pike brought us the first intelligence of it, to the effect that as she came down General Morgan with twenty thousand well-drilled men and lots of artillery, was at Brandenburg, Ky., some twenty miles above, and having already captured two steamers, would soon be ferried over to the Indiana side.

Excitement and confusion immediately reigned in the goodly and loyal village of Leavenworth. A "home guard" entitled, I believe, the "Hoosier Hawk-eyes," was in lively existence there, and their captain, who

> ——"was as brave a lad,
> As e'er commission bore,"

assembled them at once, some fifty in number, seized the Lady Pike, and began immediately to make active preparations for war. Among his first acts was to "conscript" some eight or ten persons into the service, who were strangers in town, and consequently, doubtful characters. Your humble writer formed one among that unfortunate few.

All this having been fixed to the satisfaction of the commander, we were placed on board the little steamer, armed with guns of various styles and patterns, and provided with an effective piece of artillery—a signal gun some eighteen inches long that had been taken, I believe, by a Federal officer below, and sent up as a Christmas gift to one of his friends at Leavenworth.

"Now," said our captain in a loud voice to the master of the boat (I remember his precise words as well as if they were of but yesterday) "Now, put all steam on—don't be afraid of the biler—land us right at the Brandenburg wharf, even though hell-fire should be raining from the top of the hill."

An hour or two for reflection caused the ardor of our captain to cool down a little, and fit him for yielding to the teachings of the old adage, that discretion is the better part of valor; so he concluded to forego the pleasure of storming Morgan at once, and accordingly ordered the boat to land us on the Indiana shore, two miles below the town.

A heavy fog favored us when we landed, and continued to favor us until we had "wearily" dragged our little gun along up the shore and planted it immediately opposite Brandenburg, with a view to preventing the "enemy's" crossing, or something else, we hardly knew what—anyhow, with hostile intentions on our part.

General Morgan knew nothing of our proximity, and so we had everything to our liking in the way of selecting our position, &c., uninterrupted. We selected it with great care, planting our gun immediately in front, and right against a little log stable—why, I never could tell, unless it was a deeply drawn plan of the officers to the effect that they would be able to see the enemy better from *behind* the stable, while the men were fighting in *front* of it. Perhaps, they selected the stable to act as a barrier between them and the prospective smoke of our gun, in order that the said smoke might not interfere with their plannings, or soil their clothes and thus render their attire unsuitable for the reception of so great a guerilla chief as John Morgan, when he should surrender to them.

All ready, and we waited patiently for the fog to clear off, in order that we might commence the attack.

At length the fog lifted, but all appeared quiet in Kentucky; no hostile forces were to be seen; in fact no one seemed to be astir in Brandenburg. True the steamers John T. McCombs and Alice Dean lay at the wharf, but whether really in the hands of the enemy or not, was more than we could tell.

We waited an hour or more after the fog had cleared up, and yet no rebels were to be seen; so we began to doubt. The whole thing looked like a sell, and had the Lady Pike been within range at that time, I verily believe we would have turned our cannon loose upon her, so angry were we about to become, and so great was our disappointment at not being able to immortalize ourselves by whipping Morgan and his ten or twelve thousand veterans.

Just then, something was seen to move on the hill at Brandenburg. It was a man. He was running. It might be one of Morgan's hirelings—it might be a citizen. But he was running—what right had a citizen to run? There was evidently something wrong, so we concluded to venture a shot any way, and we ventured it. Up went our blue wreath of smoke, and from hill to hill reverberated the report of our little gun, and the man disappeared over the declivity beyond!—not dead, as we had every reason to believe, but merely missing.

Our patriotic bosoms swelled with emotion at the noble work which we had done—cleared the entire field at one shot.

But presently another object was seen to move on the hill; and then another; and then another, and another until quite a little squad was there. They were men, evidently, but what they meant we could not make out, for they did not seem to be merely looking at our formidable array, but rather to be dancing about like Indians. Perhaps it was the rebel war-dance—all had heard rebels spoken of as the lowest grade of savages, yet few of us had ever seen any of them, therefore it might be their mode of signaling defiance to their enemies, and then again it might not. None among us had copies of the New York *Tribune*, or other radical prints, to which we might refer for information as to whether rebels indulged in war-dances or not, and hence the spectacle before us had to remain an unsolved mystery. But be it what it might we could soon spoil the sport, if sport it was. Possibly it was a *posse* of citizens beckoning us to desist, but how were we to know

so far away, and we without a glass ?

So we loaded our gun as soon as possible and let fly another shot!

Contrary to our expectations, they did not run over the hill as the first man had done, but like a swarm of gnats when a boy has thrown a stone through their circle, they remained and continued to dance about even the more merrily.

This was inexplicable ; but we proceeded to load up for a third shot, when presently and all of a sudden a new object appeared on the hill—a batch of thick blue smoke about the size of a haystack leaped up from the ground ; and then over our heads and unpleasantly near howled a great shot, followed closely by a report which fairly made the old Ohio tremble from shore to shore !

And the mystery was solved.—Morgan was actually about there ! and what we had mistaken for a mysterious kind of war-dance, was simply the movements of his men engaged in planting one of his big guns for our especial benefit.

Long before we had recovered from our astonishment, a second haystack of blue smoke appeared on the hill, but this time no ball was heard to howl above our heads—on the contrary the old stable behind our backs flew into a mass of fragments and came rattling and hissing about our ears!

And, "get out of the wilderness" was the tune to which we immediately marched ; or, in other words if G. P. R. James had been near, he would not have seen a "solitary horseman," but might have seen that particular branch of the "Indiana Legion" suddenly commence bobbing towards the distant hills, with "nary" a little cannon along with them.—And from secure retreats, they might finally have been seen looking down with supreme contempt, upon a small squad of Gen. Morgan's men, as they slowly dragged the brave little gun away. And Gen. Morgan crossed the river.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE.*

We have thus given in substance, all the material points in his career—we believe with accuracy, but without dates in many cases, and we have done it minutely—because, we feel that Lee's activity, the universality of his service, and the completeness of his identification with the Confederate struggle throughout the Eastern Department, will enable an uninformed reader to estimate the singular earnestness, probity, and ability of the man—better than isolated instances, and a critique on character alone would have done. It will at once be seen, that at about 28 years of age, he became a Captain in the Southern Army, and rose with unprecedented rapidity through every grade of office, to the highest rank in the gift of the country ; that in each and every position, he not only sustained previous character, but added largely to it, and that from every officer under whom he served, he received warm commendations for skill and gallantry.—From the 13th April, 1861, to the 26th April, 1865, he was in active service—beginning a Captain, and ending a Lieutenant General.—Few officers filled so large a space during this eventful conflict—and none emerged from it with a more

* Continued from page 329.

unblemished record. He was the youngest officer of his rank in the army.

But there were occasions when his conduct was so conspicuous, as to call for detailed notice. Three such occasions we have mentioned briefly, and now refer to them again, to wit: 2d Manassas, 29th and 30th August, 1862; Chickasaw Bayou, in the winter of 1862-3; and Harrisburg, in July, 1864.

SECOND MANASSAS.—Here it was that young Lee, then Colonel of artillery, won his large and most merited fame. Stonewall Jackson, in obedience to the orders of General Lee, had separated himself from the balance of the army, to destroy the supplies of the enemy, away from their base, and collected in vast amount and stored at the Junction four miles to the north of Bristoe. This he had accomplished most successfully, feeding and supplying his army, and destroying the remainder; besides securing a position, between the enemy and his capital, Washington City. Yet there he was, with his own corps, and a division of A. P. Hill, far away from his own friends, and confronted by the massed force of the Federal Army. He could do but one of two things, rejoin his friends and leave Pope unmolested as before, except in the destruction of his stores; or he could stand at bay with his 18,000 men, until his friends, Longstreet's corps, could come up from Thoroughfare Gap. With his usual tenacity and will, he determined to carry out, if possible, the original and brilliant plan of operations, stand at bay, and prevent Pope's retreat.—Without going into a report of this great battle—it will be sufficient to give the position of the forces, when General Longstreet came up. Jackson's corps and the division of Hill, fronted rather towards the Warrenton road, his left resting on the Sudley road to the Junction. Between his extreme right wing, and the extreme left wing of Longstreet there was an open space, a commanding ridge, which was occupied by the artillery, eight batteries, commanded by Colonel Lee,—the two corps forming an obtuse angle shaped as a V. In this position, General R. E. Lee determined to remain, and receive the assault of the enemy,—the previous fighting had only given him greater confidence, and buoyed the men to a point of enthusiasm. The enemy finding our Generals could not be drawn from their positions, massed three heavy lines of infantry, and moved at a double quick against our centre. From Dabney's life of Jackson we quote as follows: "Colonel Lee had opened upon them with all his war dogs at once, and the writer of these lines, has never during his whole experience, witnessed such handling of artillery. The fiery storm was directed with astonishing accuracy, and the brigades which were led to the charge were almost annihilated by the shot and shell which burst before, behind, above, to the right, to the left, raking and tearing them to pieces. They were swept away before this horrible fire, like leaves in the wind, and disappeared, broken and flying in the woods—to be immediately succeeded, however, by another brigade, charging as before. Again the iron storm crashed through their ranks, and again they broke and ran.—A third force, heavier than before, now advanced with mad rapidity, and in the midst of the awful fire of our batteries, threw themselves upon Jackson, and engaged him with desperation." "Personne," one of the most graphic and reliable writers of the day said: "As the fight progressed, Lee moved his batteries to the left, until reaching a position, only four hundred yards distant from the enemy's lines, he opened again. The spectacle was now magnifi-

cent. As shell after shell burst in the wavering ranks, and round shot ploughed broad gaps among them, you could distinctly see through the rifts of smoke, the Federal soldiers flying and falling on every side. With the explosion of every bomb, it seemed as if scores dropped dead, or writhed in agony upon the field. Some were crawling upon their hands and knees, some were piled up together, and some were scattered around in every attitude that imagination can conceive." Dabney's life of Jackson again says, "Gradually as the fierce struggle progressed, the sides of the open V. which our order of battle resembled, closed upon the flanks of the enemy. Col. Lee's artillery, still continued to play with destructive effect upon their front, and the batteries were regularly advanced from position to position, raking from every hillock, with a merciless storm of shot and shell." Another writer says—"suddenly at 4 p. m., regiment after regiment of infantry, were thrown out of the woods, upon our left, and advanced in very good order for the purpose of driving out our pickets, and taking our batteries on the left flank. In an instant, Col. Lee, always cool and self possessed, ordered every howitzer to the left, and then such a blaze of artillery as I never heard. The guns from the nature of the ground were very close together, and it was almost impossible to distinguish the discharge of the guns in your own, from those in other batteries. It was clear that the next thirty minutes would determine the fate of our batteries. At the same time, the enemy made his infantry advance, he commenced a most furious cannonnading. No sound was heard for two hours, but the roar of cannon and the bursting of shells.

* * * * * The shells burst above, around, beneath us. Every man is at his post—no talking—no ducking of heads now. All intense, silent earnestness. It was an hour big with every man's history. It was a struggle for life.—The face of every man was flushed, his eye full, his arm stronger than was wont. It seemed that the very heavens were in a blaze, or like two angry clouds, surcharged with electricity, and wafted by opposing winds had met in terrific battle. Presently the yankee columns begin to break, and men fell out to the rear. The retreating numbers greatly increase, and presently the great mass, without line or form, now moves back, like a great multitude, without guide or leader. From a slow steady walk, the great mass or many parts of it, move at a run, and our eyes tell us the victory is won. Then did many a man say deep down in his heart, with flushed face and filling eyes, '*Thank God.*' * * * Now the scene changes. Our infantry pours down from right and left, and our guns cease lest we should kill our own men. The guns of the enemy, however blaze the faster, as if in a fit of desperation.—On our right, Longstreet, whose name is a terror to the enemy, closes upon them, and the hills on the right roar with musketry.—The battle gradually recedes, slowly, like a great storm on a summer's day."

At no time was the enemy over 800 yards distant, and frequently as near as 150 yards. Stephen Lee's conduct here was grand and immortal—it was the admiration of the army and the country; and the day after the battle, Robert E. Lee in person, thanked him, taking his hand and saying, "I want to thank you for what you did yesterday—you did good work."—There was nothing like this amazing steadfastness of Lee's artillery—unmoved and immovable—it was the only key to victory.—It stood as one of the most notable features in nature—the great bat-

tlements of rocks near the Giant's Causeway on the north coast of Ireland. The waves of old Ocean, wonderful emblem of the Eternal, rush against these battlements, reposing in strength far greater than their own. They are resisted and resisted and resisted—broken—scattered—beaten back again and again and again—but to return to the charge, with the whole mass of waters, with greater fury than before. Yet those rocks stand against ocean and winds and tempest, in all their proud and daring power, sullen monuments of endurance.

President Davis, in his Jackson speech, December, 1862, said of him; "For the defence of Vicksburg, I selected one from the Army of the Potomac, of whom it is but faint praise to say, he has no superior. He was sent to Virginia, at the beginning of the war, with a little battery of three guns. With these, he fought the yankee gun-boats, drove them off, and stripped them of their terrors.—He was promoted for distinguished services on various fields. He was finally made a Colonel of cavalry, and I have reason to believe that at the last great conflict on the field of Manassa, he served to turn the tide of battle and consummate the victory. On succeeding fields, he has won equal distinction. Though yet young, he has fought more battles, than many officers, who have lived to an advanced age, and died in their beds. I have therefore sent Lee to take charge of the defences of Vicksburg."

On another occasion Mr. Davis said of him—"I have tried him in cavalry, in artillery, in infantry, and have found him equally distinguished in all."

CHICKASAW BAYOU.—General Lee had at this time, command of a Louisiana and a Mississippi brigade of infantry, and was given in special charge of the line extending from Vicksburg to Snyder's Bluffs, a distance of 12 miles—together with the artillery at the latter point, for blockading purposes on the Yazoo river. At this juncture, Sherman appeared before the city. Lee's command did not exceed 3500 men, exclusive of the heavy batteries. Sherman disembarked his army at the mouth of Chickasaw Bayou, on the Yazoo, five miles from Vicksburg, and commenced pushing towards the city, and the road leading from the city, to Snyder's Bluffs (two and a half miles). Lee held the enemy in check for an entire day, which enabled him to throw up a few rifle pits at the Bluffs to shelter his small command, covering this front of twelve miles. The enemy seeing the small force in front of him, determined on an assault, and making considerable display, moved across Chickasaw Bayou, gallantly to the attack; Blair's division in advance. The assaulting column was met with such a severe fire, that it was repulsed with a loss of 400 dead and wounded on the field, 400 prisoners, and several stand of colors. General Lee did not have more than 1000 men at the point where the attack was made. The repulse was so severe, that Sherman abandoned taking Vicksburg by that route, reëmbarked his troops, and left Yazoo river.—Much credit was given Lee for his management and conduct in this affair, the only attack of consequence made on his front, and where he had personally prepared for them. Such results speak for themselves.

HARRISBURG.—At this place, he was in command, as department commander, of 6000 cavalry and several batteries, belonging to Gen. Forrest's division, who was likewise on the field,—against a force of 18,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery, under Major General A. J. Smith—a superior officer.

It was the best officered, armed and equipped force the Federals had yet sent into this department, and equal to any of their forces—for A. J. Smith's was a veteran command. General Lee rapidly concentrated what available force he had, and knowing that if he should show his weakness, he would be lost, he attacked General Smith near Pontotoc, and on the march from Pontotoc to Tupelo. At Harrisburg, he attacked him with great boldness, such that on the following day General Smith retreated hastily towards Memphis, and was pursued and harrassed in his retreat by the cavalry under Brigadier General Chalmers. Nothing but this Jacksonian boldness and tenacity saved the rich prairie country, and its vast stores of provisions from utter destruction—and what was that destruction? Certainly, not simply the subsistence supplies of Stephen D. Lee and his forces, and the inhabitants of the country—great as that object would have been,—but it was the exhaustless and only granary, from which Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston drew all their stores, and without which their armies would have starved. It was one of the severest battles of the war; the enemy occupied Harrisburg, three miles from Tupelo, and had thrown up breastworks hastily, but affording great protection—for the Confederate forces had to assail them for many hundreds of yards, through a level plain. Yet it had to be done—there was no escaping it—delay was ruin. If he had not fought, Smith without a battle, would have accomplished that, which only a victorious battle could give him,—and the only chance for the Confederates was victory then and there, with a command then confident. The result proved the wisdom of the policy. The loss was great, and unusually large for cavalry, because we were engaged with veteran infantry, and the assailant, under disadvantages; and this loss carried many a pang to the hearts of Kentucky and Missouri and Mississippi and Tennessee—yet it saved the army and the country. It was splendid, and the more it is examined, and the better it is understood, the plainer will Lee's wisdom appear. At the time, neither the army, nor the country did him justice; but complaints were loud, long and deep. Forrest had just won his great victory at Tishomingo Creek, and completely routed the enemy. The army and the country looked for like results, and were unprepared for anything less. But when an enemy of 18,000 men, fights three days with a force of 6000 men, and then hastily retreats, hotly pursued and harrassed, what is the conclusion drawn? A victory by all means. The success of A. J. Smith, would have been the downfall, then and there, of the Confederate cause from Virginia to the Gulf of Mexico, and the Mississippi river. Lee braved the brave opportunity and won.—If the cross was wanting, where would be the crown? If there were no struggle, where would be the victory? If no victory, where would be the reward? Our heroic army bore the cross, the country wore the crown.

"He is not worthy of the honey comb
That shuns the hive, because the bees have stings."

General Lee had a filial regard for Robert E. Lee—under whom he had served with such distinction, and from whom he had received great kindness. He studied him—emulated him, with modest, persevering effort. He was magnanimous and just. When he was promoted Lieutenant General after the battle of Tishomingo creek, he telegraphed the fact to Forrest, saying, "I wish, General, you had received it, it is more your due than mine." Occasionally, he committed oversights in

administration—one was severely felt by Forrest's whole command—we allude to the battle of Harrisburg. In his report of that engagement, after mentioning those officers and commands, who distinguished themselves, he entirely omitted the name of Col. Robert McCulloch then (and since 1862) a brigade commander, and who was dangerously wounded, in the latter part of the fight at Town Fork, and at the same time Forrest himself was wounded. This, like others of which we have heard mention, was but an oversight—without the shadow of intention, as we believe.

The conversation of military men of sense and experience is more than agreeable—it is racy—piquant—vigorous. Habits of close observation, terseness of thought and language, and the varying fullness of incident, with an air of freedom in description of that which they have seen, makes the company of such men peculiarly attractive. Their mode is so different from the generally methodistical style of other men. Who that has heard them, does not remember his enjoyment in listening to General Humphrey Marshall, Colonel Wm. H. Bissell, and General Roger W. Hanson, and such men when retailing their recollections of the Mexican war? It was fascinating. Lee had a modesty and reserve belonging to neither of these, but when drawn out, as he occasionally was, much of the same vigor, interest, and *jeu d'esprit* were manifested.

His aggregate character is one which always will excite admiration. He had a clear intellect—quick and active—a robust and highly disciplined mind—he thought and reasoned from all accepted bases—from the senses—from conception—from the ideas of others, and with perspicuity, fullness, and keen discriminating judgment. His organ of firmness was largely developed, and invaded the precincts of no neighboring quality—neither veneration, nor cautiousness, nor conscientiousness, nor self esteem. All these were well marked. We believe in phrenology and blood—the blood of men, as well as of horses and dogs. Combe says: "Firmness has no relation to external objects; it only adds a manifestation to other organs. Thus with combativeness, it produces determined bravery; with conscientiouness, inflexible integrity." His self-reliance was fully equal to his firmness—young and inexperienced as he was, he proved its hardy nature, in his earlier exploits, and ever afterwards leaned upon it, as his best hope and his safest refuge—yet withal a model of blandness and courtesy. As with lovely woman, modesty was one of his greatest virtues. Showing a becoming deference to superiors, yet exchanging views with a self-reliant consciousness of conviction.—He was equally so with inferiors, canvassed questions with freedom, showing a desire for the adoption of the broadest views. He cowered in the intellectual presence of no man. Firmness and self reliance were fostered and increased by his military training—his large and accurate knowledge of military science—devotion to which was presided over by an exacting emulation of all the great models.—His youth and rapid promotion, and favor with the army and the country, only added fuel to this burning zeal—this honorable and honoring desire to excel. He was no creature of impulse—either in trivial or grave matters. His decisions were the ripened fruits of reflection. He was discreet and kept his own counsel—not the reticence of Jackson or Johnston, but one invariably guarded. Burns says:

> "Conceal yourself as weel's ye can
> Frae critical dissection,
> But keek thro' every other man
> Wi' sharpened, sly inspection."

The rule in military life and intercourse must be applauded—but its selfishness in social life, may be much questioned. It may be profitable, but the lofty confidence of the heart is the sacrifice and cost.

The strength of the man, was due to a well balanced combination of what phrenologists term, propensities, sentiments and intellectual faculties. The quality of these was remarkable—each an adjustment to the the other. This well balanced mind is more forcibly illustrated, in our opinion, in the great life of John C. Breckenridge, than in that of any other public man of the day. He was great and equal every where—in the Legislative councils of the nation, in the army, in the cabinet—in private life, as a man and a citizen, who can reproach him? Lee has only been tried in one department, but was fitted to the emergency. Yet with all this admirable union of mind and sentiment, he cannot be called a man of genius. He was neither a Bonaparte, a Marlborough, nor a Jackson—but rose to the grand height of Soult, of Suchet, of Hardee.—Genius is intuition—inborn greatness, and model excellence in any one, or more of the great branches of human pursuit. It was the rare combination to which we have alluded with a healthy ambition, and great partiality for and adaptedness to arms, *only short of intuition*, which gave him his success. Genius is original and creative—a pioneer quality of surpassing excellence and power—his force was that of intellect and energy without this rare attribute of greatness.

His education was liberal—his reading and general information most respectable, his address and bearing always that of a refined gentleman. He was especially careful of the feelings of others.

He was married to a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Columbus, Miss., early in 1865—a daughter of the distinguished lawyer, James T. Harrison, and now resides near that place, engaged in agricultural pursuits. He is yet young—not thirty-four years of age. His experience, his patriotism, his personal worth, his abilities, may yet be brought into use by his country, whenever harmony and perfect union are restored to the sections. The record of the past is safe—it should be a guarantee for what his future will be, should his services ever be needed.

The revolution failed—all we fought for was lost—slavery—secession—independence. The Confederacy, like some solitary mammoth meteor, magnificently brilliant, has passed away, and gone out forever. In her proud and mournful drama of glory and affliction, Stephen D. Lee acted his part with sedate and majestic fortitude, and in all coming years, he may look back upon it, his very soul filled with unmixed satisfaction.

From a private letter of Gen. Jubal A. Early, now at Toronto, C. W., we learn that he has given his Memoirs of the Valley Campaign to the Ladies' Memorial Association of Virginia. It is to be issued, before this goes to press, by Charles W. Button, Esq., Lynchburg, Va., "on good paper, in neat style, with covers, at $1 per volume for single copies." The wholesale price to dealers will be proportionally less. Address C. W. Button, Lynchburg, Va., or Mrs. E. H. Brown, Box 452, Richmond, Va.

OAK LEAVES.

Oak leaves that play
In the wild winds, that stray
Out from the west:
Wild winds that play
Through the long summer day,
In gay unrest.

Under, over,
From gay, toying rover,
Laughing, they hide;
Then shake them out
With a grand leafy shout,
All in their pride.

Frolic's begun—
See the wind wildly run;
In a quiver
They close—divide—
His quick coming to bide,
In half shiver.

Slow he will creep,
While the leaves are asleep;
Most demurely,
Slowly he goes,
While in dreams they repose,
Quite securely.

Now, with a leap,
He awakes them from sleep;
What merry rout!
How they all toss—
Throw their arms up, across,
All round about!

Oak leaves that play
In the wild winds, that stray
Out from the west;
Of all dear trees
That are stirr'd by the breeze,
Gayest and best.

P. H. D.

ELISE BEAUSOLEIL.

A TALE OF THE EARLY DAYS OF ST. LOUIS.

Many years ago, in the old French village, now city of St. Louis, the sun shone in one New Year's morning, at the windows of a massive old stone house.—He met the uplifted eyes of a young girl, who stood looking out over the frosty earth, at the radiant dawn of the day; looking, also, downward at the river whose dark waters sped by with such rapidity; while crashing, groaning, and sparkling in the rosy blush of the sunlight, huge squares and islands of ice, mingled in masses, or in separate cakes, floated southward in the current.

The bright, dark eyes, which looked from the window this morning, were pure and guileless, a girlish innocence and truthfulness shone in their clear depths; and an almost infantile softness of contour rounded her fair cheek and throat. She is watching the sunrise on her sixteenth birthday: the anniversary of her life's bright dawning, and the commencement of a gay New Year.

And so in the blush of the morning, Elise Beausoleil, as she stands at the window, young, happy, and childlike, kisses the tiny crucifix attached to the gold beads around her fair white throat, and crossing herself, whispers in soft undertones a prayer. And now come up glad voices from the street below her; songs and merry laughter, as borne on rough sleds, with many a jest

and greeting from one to another, the poorer people are passing and repassing. They come and go, from the houses of parents and grandparents, where they have sought a blessing on the year before them; and a pardon for the faults and possible neglects of the past. Elise has a nod and smile for many who pass. Now and then she kisses her hand, as some young girl looks up and salutes her. The delicate pink flush deepens on her cheek, as cantering by in his blue and white uniform, a young Spanish officer of Delassus' staff lifts his hat, and with a quick smile of pleasure, bows low to her.

"My child may God grant to you, a happy and a holy life."

"Ah, mamma! dear mamma, you are here! bless me and pardon all of the past. If I have spoken hastily at any time, if I have been guilty of disobedience in the year that has gone, forgive; and bless me for the future." Kneeling before her mother, Elise reverently bent her head. Madame Beausoleil looking solemnly upward, and with her hand upon the young girl's head, said—"May God grant to you, *ma chere enfant*, a long life. If it be happy, may he love you; if it be sorrowful, may he both love and grant you strength for sorrow:" and then as Elise arose, the lady tenderly kissed her, passing her arm around her, and taking her along thus, left the room.

Among the old French inhabitants of St. Louis, New Year's day was ever one of visiting and congratulation. So scarcely had Elise with Madame Beausoleil breakfasted, ere guests began arriving. Elderly men with white locks saluted the lady of the mansion, forgetting not the rosy cheek of Mademoiselle Elise; and the *petite* figure of Madame Beausoleil's daughter was sometimes lifted from the floor, by the stout and enthusiastic embrace of some gray headed old man, whose muscles were still firm and sinewy, from trapping in the bracing mountain air; though perhaps he might be a grandfather of seventy or eighty.

During the day, the young Spanish captain arrived, who had, as he galloped by in the early morning, received his first smile of the New Year, from the red lips of Elise. Now he gracefully proffered her the salute of the season; but the young lady swept him a glowing courtesy, and while lightly laughing, a little defiant glitter in her black eye assured him that this attention was needless, and premature. Yet afterwards, she made him so many graceful proffers of refreshments; so charmed him with her vivacious wit and badinage; that when with his three cornered hat under his arm, he came to make his low congé, he believed her the loveliest and most charming creature in the world. And not only this, but he believed that he was the first favorite in her little realm. Alas, how quickly the short-lived joys of this world take to themselves wings! For Captain Cataline, in his white silk stockings, and handsome knee-buckles, had taken but four of his most graceful steps over the stone floor of the hall, when his countenance fell, and losing its elevated smile of satisfaction, grew stern and severe.

This cause of the gallant Captain's change of countenance appeared in the tall lithe figure of a gentleman of thirty-five, or more, who advanced up the entrance way and over the broad gallery, with the assured air and dignified step of a man in good position, and who found himself ever a welcome visitor.

This gentleman, a Mr. Culburt, from Virginia, had arrived but three weeks previous, from New Orleans, with some merchandise to trade with the Indians near St. Louis for peltry. He had become a frequent visitor at

Madame Beausoleil's, and now, as he advanced up the hall, his clear, keen eye rested a moment in grave surprise on the Captain's face. Then he smilingly bade him "good morning," showing a set of even white teeth under his mustache, and with a bow passed on.

At the door of the drawing-room, Mr. Culburt bowed his stately head with a double purpose. First, he did reverence to the ladies present, and last with more necessity to avoid the low door-way, which our forefathers considered in better architectural proportion than the airy height of door and windows of the present day. He was greeted with much *empressment* by Madame Beausoleil and Elise.—And when the usual congratulations of the season were over, the lady, after pressing him to partake of refreshments, said, "Monsieur Culburt, there is a custom among our French residents of St. Louis of spending the evening of the sixth of January in gayety and music. Our friends will meet me, in my own house, on next Tuesday, or King's day, as we call it. Let me also welcome you among them." This the lady said, looking up in the face of her guest with her rare and pleasant smile, and sweeping him the low courtesy, which our grandmothers in the olden time strove to execute with so much grace. The gentleman replied, with the elegant yet somewhat formal bow of a past generation, that it would afford him great pleasure to partake, with her friends, of the lady's hospitality. "Yet," he said, "my dear Madame Beausoleil, may I trouble you to explain to me, a stranger, the custom which seems so dear a one in the village—that of celebrating the King's day and making merry at the King's balls. Is it as I suppose the anniversary of the adoration of the magi, usually called twelfth night, or twelve days after the shepherd's vision? or are the Kings who, I am told are honored for that evening, only rulers for the time without significance being attached to the title?"

"Ah! Monsieur," the lady replied, "we allude to the Kings who came to worship our Saviour on that day, as we believe: though at first the Queens are chosen, as the custom is, who make their selection of Kings.—Why this is I cannot tell. But be with us next Tuesday and it may be your good fortune to be chosen by some fair lady as her King; and thus you may understand and study our King's balls."

Other guests arriving were greeted with outstretched hands by Madame Beausoleil, and Mr. Culburt, after a few words to Elise, took his leave.

Madame Beausoleil's old stone mansion shone out gaily with lights on the evening of the sixth of January, 1804. A number of the guests had already arrived, and were standing and seated in groups around the huge wood fire of the drawing room. "Cacasotte," M. Beausoleil's old body servant, was already tuning his violin, when Elise tripped down the stairway and entered the room, looking like a fresh young rose-bud. A bright smile on her sweet red lips, and the color flitting over her winning, animated face, she was universally greeted with merry words, with kisses and with smiles; for Madame Beausoleil and her gay young daughter were greatly beloved in the little village. 'Tis true Madamoiselle Elise wore quaint shoulder knots on her trim white dress, and her broad sash being tied immediately under her arms defined her short waist so that her bright little figure might seem antique and outré to a belle of the present day. Yet Lady Elise was a belle, (ah, how short-lived they are!) and her generation has passed away. You and I, lady reader, may dream of the

future. Let us think of the souls that will come, that will live on God's green earth, when we have passed, also, away. How unconscious will they be that we breathed, sighed, and smiled before them. Do you think of this? Yes, and shrug your white shoulders. Well, live in the present, in its laces, its satins, its operas, and lovers, and yet most of these had Elise. Let us turn to our past and her present. This then is her lover, Captain Cataline.—He stands by her side, slight, finely formed, speaking love in each glance of his eye. Yet she is constantly watching the door; she is constantly watching for one step, and voice. He leads her now to the dance. Cacasotte's music is gay and enlivening, and while he, with a courtly gallantry, bows, and then treads on with a springing step through the measure, she, in her youthful beauty and grace, dances ever so lightly, so happy and joyous. Mr. Culburt has come and is near her with a smile and a word now and then; and poor Captain Cataline varies and changes, now with a dark look at his rival and then a bright smile for Elise.

Supper is over, and for some little time the dance is resumed.—Then a servant appears bearing the momentous "Queen's cake," containing the four beans which will decide, who the royal ladies may be. Now the young girls advance, and cut each for herself a slice. Elise chats and eats, when lo! from between her white teeth she takes out the bean, and is hailed as one of the four Queens. There is now gay laughter and much merriment, for two of the Queens, without hesitation, have selected a King. Marie Renard and Elise Beausoleil alone seem irresolute. Elise, with her eyes cast upon the floor, her cheeks glowing crimson, holds the boquet to her lips striving to conceal her blushes. The third selection is now hers; a moment's hesitation and then she moves forward, and with a little abashed bend of the head, lays her tiny boquet in the hands of Mr. Culburt.

His keen eye lights with a new radiance, and in a moment the lofty head is bowed over the soft hand, and for the first time his lips touch its fair surface. He has become her King! he has her preference above all others in the room. As her hand rests on his arm she seems, in her girlish brightness, a fitting contrast with his mature and dignified manhood.

Now Marie Renard advances and presents to Captain Cataline her boquet. He is near Elise, and as she turns and looks smilingly into his face, she is startled and pained by his expression. A bitter smile hovers on his lip, and his eyes are glittering and sinister. It is evident that he keenly feels her choice, and is annoyed and angry.

It is decided, upon mature deliberation, now that the Kings are chosen, that the first King's ball will be held in the mansion of Monsieur Roubadoux. So a great portion of the night has passed away, and the guests take their leave. Having followed some of her girl friends into the hall, Elise is speaking some merry parting words when Captain Cataline comes out of the drawingroom, and in an undertone says—"Mademoiselle Elise, you were partial to-night. Allow me an hour to-morrow, I would speak of your friend." Mr. Culburt comes out, and in taking his leave holds to his lips, as he makes his adieu, her tiny cluster of flowers, and then goes out into the night, and to darkness.

The stars are shining as they shone years and years before, when the wise men from Persia—the Magi or Magicians—followed the brilliant and significant light from the East. Under the same

stars to-night this man paused upon the river's bank, and raising his hat in adoration of the Father's love, murmured a prayer.—The wind blew chill over the icy water, lifting his hair and straining in his grasp even the tiny knot of flowers, which had been laid so shyly in his hand that night. How warm his heart was as he thought. And she had made him her King; this blithe young girl; this winsome, charming child-woman. Ah, were he but indeed her King! how royally he'd serve her; how he would lay at her feet his all in life; his hopes, and the silent homage with which his heart was filled; how her slightest word should be his law. Under the starlight he stood and dreamed this pleasant dream.

He was alone in the world—a stranger in a strange land, without one single tie of blood. Even in his far Virginia home, there was not one to call him son or brother. How his heart yearned towards this girl—this fresh young spirit. Oh! he loved her with an unutterable affection.

On the steep bank above him, a single figure slowly moves along. The ground is rough and uneven, yet this man with his form half bent picks his way carefully onward. He pauses a moment, then his arm is stealthily raised, and the sharp report of a pistol thrills through the frosty air; and then the figure has glided away swiftly and noiselessly. No cry is heard, no sound. Mr. Culburt turns and hurries down the river bank. As he does so, he ties his handkerchief tightly around his right arm, which hangs powerless by his side. On reaching his barge, which is moored out of danger from floating ice, around the point, he whistles shrilly. Two servant-men appear, and at a word assist him aboard, and to his little room on deck. The bright fire-light flashes upon a face white, and drawn with pain, and nerveless fingers clasping still a tiny cluster of flowers.

Monsieur Roubadoux, the principal storekeeper and trader in the village of St. Louis, had prepared a very pleasant evening for his guests. Having insisted upon giving the first King's ball at his own expense, he purchased all of the luxuries and substantials that the village could afford. Many were the little paper bonds or "peltry bons" which were put in circulation, stating that "M. Roubadoux was good for so many pounds of peltry, or so many pounds of sugar." These "bons" constituted the trader's currency of the village, and in fact the currency of that day with the primitive inhabitants of upper Louisiana. So M. Roubadoux found that a most plentiful supply of eggs, butter, chickens and cream, came constantly in to barter for his paper; and thus the supper for the ball was amply provided.

The evening of the first King's ball was a gay one. The Queens, under the escort of their respective Kings, arrived, and Marie Renard was already dancing with Captain Cataline, when Mr. Culburt entered the room with Madame Beausoleil and Elise. The lady hung upon his left arm, his right being carried in a sling.—This the Captain noted with one glance, and then his face was steadfastly turned away from the little group, who had paused near the doorway and stood conversing a little apart.

"Do you credit the rumor, Monsieur Culburt," asked Madame Beausoleil, "that Spain has transferred our territory of Louisiana to France, and that France has sold us to the United States. If it be so, I consider the tidings bad, very bad indeed." "I have but little doubt," Mr. Culburt replied, "that the transfer has been made by Spain to France, but that the purchase of the territory would be made by the United

States was entirely uncredited in New Orleans, last summer."—"How I wish that Monsieur Beausoleil would permit me to reside in New Orleans. We are so cut off from tidings from the world here. Think of six months elapsing from the time my husband leaves New Orleans, before he reaches his home! But his trading interests with the Indians here are paramount to all others."

"I consider myself quite fortunate," Mr. Culburt said, "in the speedy journey I made last fall—having left New Orleans on the second day of August, I arrived here on the third of December."

"You did not then have to use the cordelle," said Elise laughing. "Do you remember, mamma, our long journey from New Orleans? How I commisserated the fate of the poor boatmen! At Grand Tower, the current was so strong that they had to use the cordelle, and a little higher up when the boat was near the shore, they were obliged to get into the water and push and drag it for a quarter of a mile. Oh, it was such excessive hard work! The water dashed and foamed around us, and the perspiration streamed down the boatmen's faces; still with all their exertion, the barge seemed to scarcely move."

"And were you not alarmed, Mademoiselle?" queried the gentleman, "Grand Tower is a place of great danger."

"Ah, Monsieur, I experienced a far greater danger at Grand Tower, when an infant—(mamma, tell Monsieur Culburt of the robber's attack near Beausoleil's Island.) Do you know, Monsieur, that you have a name similar to one of the robbers? and Captain Cataline, one day in jest, of of course, insisted that you were doubtless one of the famous band," and laughing her light girlish laugh, Elise hummed a little bar of the contra-dance music that Cacasotte was playing so vigorously, little heeding, in her girlish innocence, that a fierce gleam had flashed from the eyes of Monsieur Culburt, and that his teeth had pressed his underlip angrily, at the name of Captain Cataline.

Madame Beausoleil noticed all this, yet without comprehending the cause, and she said with some hauteur—"Monsieur Culburt may not be interested in an adventure of some fifteen years standing. Perhaps our escape may not afford him so much gratification as it does ourselves to recur to." As the lady paused, Monsieur Culburt calmly turned, and looking enquiringly into her face said "May I not class myself among your friends, Madame? above all, among those who are interested in your welfare and safety?" He said this so gently, and with so pleasant a smile, that Madame Beausoleil frankly held out to him her hand, and then she said, "In the summer of 1787, my husband's barge, loaded with rich stores, and articles of traffic, left New Orleans for St. Louis. My husband, my infant and myself, with our trusty servant, Cacasotte, with also a passenger or two, and the boat's crew, formed our little company. We journeyed along in great comfort, until near the mouth of Cotton Wood creek, when each one of our party became restless, fearful and on the alert. We had been warned so often at our different stopping places along the river, of the strength of the robbers of Grand Tower. We had been told so many rumors of the depredations, which the band had so lately committed along the river shore, invariably selecting the mouth of Cotton Wood creek as their first point of attack upon boats. So that when we neared this point, there was a general expression of apprehension. However we passthe little stream in safety, and had left it two days' travel behind us. Judge of our horror! when

thus far on our way, we were commanded to halt by an armed band of men, who were stationed on the shore immediately opposite an island, where the river was exceedingly narrow. Upon complying with their command, we found our worst fears realized. We were made the captives of twenty men, consisting of the larger portion of the robber band of Grand Tower. Our barge was immediately turned down the stream, and M. Beausoleil's rich stores rigidly examined and appropriated. While this examination was progressing, I remarked Cacasotte passed, with numberless gestures, from one to another of the crew with water. When our dinner was on the table, Cacasotte, who usually announced it, was absent; and our captors seated themselves in great glee. They had been but partially served, when Cacasotte appeared at a side entrance, and with a shrill shriek I heard him cry "dinner!" at the same time, he pounced with unerring grasp at the throat of the robber nearest him. This was the signal of attack. The crew, also, regardless of the arms which the wicked beings, in order to eat, had laid by their side, overpowed each his man, and our barge was again in our undisputed possession. All of the time, I stood a silent witness of the scene, holding *petite* there in my arms; and you can believe that I was the first to offer my congratulations to my husband upon our release. Do you not remember, in coming up the river, Beausoleil's Island? It was so named as the scene of our capture."

"Yes I remember the island.—Did you succeed in retaining the robbers as prisoners until you arrived at St. Louis?" "No, they were thrown overboard, and Cacasotte, who seemed more like a fury than anything else, assisted with delight. We returned, upon our escape, with all haste to New Orleans. The Intendant, Don Estevan Miro, ordered that in future all barges destined for the upper river should leave at a given time, in company, for mutual protection; the crews amply armed and a swivel mounted at the prow of each barge. So you see, Monsieur, that our experience was of great benefit to the travelers on the Mississippi at that time. With a combination of barges, the robbers could have but little hope of success, and, I believe, from that time all bands for the purpose were broken up. Our arrival in such force at St. Louis created quite an excitement, and is still known, as we say in French, "*L' Année des Dix Batteaux*," from the number of boats which simultaneously appeared. So you see *ma fille* has but little reason to complain of her tedious journey, since the great event of our capture—as now we travel in peace and safety, even if it be with the aid of the cordelle."

"Cacasotte must be a negro of great courage and bravery to so distinguish himself" "He is indeed. We have more than one instance of his courage and devotion to the interests of our family. Sometimes, when my husband's goods are very valuable, he has guarded them night and day, assisted by but one other servant." "Are many of the goods which are brought to St. Louis at this time valuable?—The freight of my barge consists of Indian supplies entirely—beads, blankets, bright cloths, and hatchets, and I know but little of the traffic in wearing apparel and dry goods." "Yes, Monsieur, the ladies of the village, who are prominent, sometimes make most valuable purchases. M. Beausoleil frequently brings articles of great value, in exchange for costly furs, which he takes to France; sometimes his orders are quite expensive for silks and fine clothing

from Paris. The dress *ma* Elise wears this evening was made there. My husband took the child's measurement and returned with a number of robes. Do you notice how exquisitely the robe fits her? It is called the style of 'Henry the Fourth.' The lace, where the sleeves terminate at the elbow, is of great price and value; and the green ground of the robe over which dart the white flames, my husband tells me, was considered beautiful even in Paris. Do not laugh at my enthusiasm in the matter of dress; such items as we are able to collect here, so far away from shops and modistes, we carefully treasure up. Ah, it has been the wish of my life to live in New Orleans, but I fear that this wish will never be granted.—So the fine clothes I possess, I have but seldom the pleasure of wearing. Some time I will show you a beautiful silk—a most beautiful silk—which Monsieur brought me some years since from Paris. It is so delicate, and so appropriate, that I will retain it for *ma petite's* wedding robe; but you must excuse me now, and I hope pardon my digression upon dress. I see Madame Roubadoux is beckoning to me. Supper is doubtless ready, and she wishes me to assist her in its arrangements. I regret that your wound prevents you dancing, Monsieur."

He stood and looked at the little figure in the green dress, with its white flashes of light; at the delicate lace that shaded the white shoulders and fair arms, and then he thought of the beautiful robe which lay awaiting her bridal; the bridal of this brilliant birdling in her costly plumes, with her bright smiles and unconscious graces. She stood within a gay circle of girls, toying with her green and gold fan, and he looked and thought of how fair and charming a bride she would be; of her delicate blushes and dewy lips. He would have given half he possessed to have known that the bridal robe awaiting her pleasure would, also, in the future, be an object of joy and tender interest to him; and as he thought he was seized with a sudden resolve to tell her of his affection, and know the worst at once.

It was late that night, and but shortly before the guests departed, that she hung upon his arm; and in looking from one of the windows at the silent stars, and the snow-robed earth, he told her of the future which lay before him, and how dear she was to him in her girlish innocence and beauty. There was a moment's pause, and then she slowly lifted her downcast eyes, and with a shifting blush and timid smile, placed her little fair hand in his. Then Cacasotte struck up the air of *La reverance* and Captain Cataline claimed her. Soon she was dancing as gaily as a child, while he at the window alone looked up at the stars and thanked God for this new blessing in his life.

The morning had but half wore away, when Mr. Culburt sought an audience with Madame Beausoliel. He found the lady somewhat distant. "My dear Madame," he said, after some few words, "your daughter's happiness shall ever be near my heart. I also can present you with the best of references, with regard to my character and standing in Virginia."

"Your references are quite necessary, Mr. Culburt. I should not dare act in my husband's absence in accepting a lover for my child, were it not that her happiness is so deeply involved. I will not refuse to accept your proposals conditionally, but Monsieur Beausoliel, when he is present, and satisfied with your references, can alone consent to your marriage. I will frankly confess that there is one circumstance which annoys me—the persistence of Captain Cataline in his attentions

to my child. He is quick and passionate, and I cannot but acknowledge was a favorite with Elise. He has made some statements which I attribute to his jealous disposition; but, Monsieur Culburt, you can relieve me much and satisfy my mind upon the subject. Was Culburt of Grand Tower, who was connected with Magilley in his descent upon trader's barges, any acquaintance or connection of yours? I am thus frank with you, and I do beg that you will pardon me, remembering that my child is my dearest treasure."

The hot blood had burned on Mr. Culburt's cheek as the lady spoke. He had sprung to his feet a moment, saying with a bitter smile, "These suspicions are from Captain Cataline also. He was not contented at midnight to—" Then checking himself, he calmly resumed his seat, and after a few moments presented a small package of letters to the lady, saying—"Although a stranger in the village, I have many friends who are known outside of Virginia, whose letters can vouch for me."

"You have, indeed!" the lady replied, warmly, looking over the package of letters, "the name of Chief Justice Marshall is too well known that we could doubt one whom he introduces as his neighbor and friend. I notice that this letter is to the commander at New Orleans."

"Yes, most of my letters of introduction were to that gentleman, and to Col. Stodard, commanding at Fort Chartres. May I see Madamoiselle Elise before I take my leave?" It was not long before the young girl came shyly in and sat down by him.

A week of happiness passed by, and then Mr. Culburt proceeded up the river with his barge, crew and servants, to trade for peltry with the Indians. Madame Beausoliel looked over the many elegant gifts of her husband, and made her selection of those which should form a portion of her young daughter's outfit.

February arrived, and the report became a certainty that the old French inhabitants were no longer under the rule of the Spaniards; but that the territory of Louisiana had become the possession of the United States by purchase. The Spanish rule had been so mild and equable that the change was deemed a sad one by all the inhabitants.

On the first day of March, Mr. Culburt returned. Elise, who was sitting in the drawing-room with Captain Cataline, could not conceal her joy. In the midst of her happy looks and bright smiles, the Captain took a hurried leave; and now she had so many questions to ask him, and in such a wilful, pretty way. When Madame Beausoliel entered he learned that Monsieur was daily expected, and in reply to his urgent suit for a speedy marriage he was shown the wedding-dress fully prepared, and the ornaments which were to accompany it. The beautiful dress over which he had allowed his thoughts to hover so often, had now become a reality. It was a heavy silk with a broad white watered stripe, then a broad stripe of pink satin, upon which was embroidered in needle-work flowers of every shape and hue, in the most vivid natural colors. As Elise stood and held it up before him, he took the heavy fabric tenderly in his hand and kissed it reverently.

It was evening when he left the house, and having some little article to purchase, he called at M. Roubadoux's store. While awaiting the old gentleman's slow movements in delivering his package, a quick step sounded behind him, and twice he was struck full in the face by a gentleman's riding glove. Turning in fierce an-

ger at the affront, he faced Captain Cataline. It was but the work of a moment, and Mr. Culburt's powerful arm felled him to the floor, and striking him a heavy blow with his heeled boot, he strided over the prostrated form, and proceeded on to his boat. Then there came a challenge, which was accepted in hot blood and fierce anger, and in the early dawn Mr. Culburt was stretched upon the frozen ground with a death-wound through his heart.

The young girl, so suddenly bereaved, passed from one fainting spell into another. Months elapsed before the young head was lifted from the pillow; and then those girlish eyes looked sadly from the window to see old eyes filled with tears, and a general lementation throughout the village, as the Spanish flag, under which many had lived so long, descended from its staff, giving place to the flag of the United States, which floated out to the breeze in defiance of their sighs and tears.

Some weeks passed by, and with a trembling step, from which all buoyancy had fled, she took her way to the mound near the village stockade, where the early spring grass was softening the sod beneath which her life's brightest hopes were buried.

In the summer, when the nuns, for the first time, were decorating their little chapel, they recieved for an altar-cloth a beautiful dress of Parisian silk—it had never been worn; and how little they knew of the awakened hopes, which had blighted in each fold of its glossy sheen; how little they knew of the bitter and regretful tears with which it had been baptised and re-baptised; the unseen tears of an unforgetting and faithful heart.

Henceforth a noble and dignified woman trod the paths in life, where Elise Beausoliel had so gaily danced and sung in her girlish lightsomeness and freedom. And when Madame Beausoliel's sight utterly failed she removed to New Orleans, and her daughter's tender care and loving ministerings formed the sole pleasure of her darkened existence. Thus it was that the life of Elise passed on to the end. No other love found place in her heart after the fearful ending of her girlhood's dream. Yet for all future time the pathway of tears through which she had trod, brought peace and a benediction to all sorrowing souls within her gentle influence.

TWO YEARS AGO.

April, spoiled darling of the year,
With sunny showers again is here,
In all the glimmer, sheen and glow
She wore this time two years ago.
Two little years, within whose space
Our hearts with sickening sadness, trace
Our country's ruin, and recall
Her wrongs, her greatness, and her fall!
Two years ago, a crowned queen
She stood, sore troubled, yet serene,
And held at bay the rav'nous throng,
Which howl'd around her fierce and strong,
While in such words as mothers best

Incite their sons to high behest,
She bade her children forward go
To battle with th' unequal foe.
In answer to her frantic cry,
They rushed in her defence to die,
While every life-drop from their veins,
Which dyed her soil with crimson stains,
Rose heavenwards from her sacred sod
In eloquent appeal to God!

Will He, who marks the sparrow's fall,
And shields its nestlings from the blast,
Aside such sacred service cast,
Or close His ears to such a call?

Will He, who made such stern demand
For Abel's blood, no good evolve
From so much evil—never solve
The problem of our Southern Land?

Look up! Upon His awful throne
He sits with darkness curtain'd round,
Within whose dense, mysterious bound,
The eye of Faith may pierce alone.

With heaven's own seal upon her brow,
She rests upon God's promise blest,
And owns His way—not ours—is best,
Although so hard to feel it now!

Two years ago! We backward turn
Our country's record through such tears
As in the circles of all years,
But once, in human eye-lids burn!

We dash their scalding drops aside,
—Remembering in our anguish deep,
"He giveth His beloved sleep,"—
To thank our Lord that JACKSON died,

Before the smiting of the rod,
And passed from all our grief and pain,
The rendered sword—the prison chain,
Straight to the great white throne of God!

Since Paul was bound, oh, never yet,
Lay bonds on one more true and pure,
And long as life and thought endure,
No Southern bosom can forget

That prison by the moaning sea,
Nor fail to pray with fervor meet:
"Have mercy on those honor'd feet,
Which bore the iron chain for me!"

The sword surrendered! What a weight
Of agony lies in the thought,
That such a crushing woe was brought
On him, the good, the wise, the great,

The Nation's idol, in whom blent
All elements of good combine;—
The noblest of his noble line,
Virginia's grand embodiment!

That man can God's own likeness be,
And bear the impress of His hand,
Our minds can fitly understand,
And find the proof in ROBERT LEE!

Two years of pain! It matters not,
Though keen may be the present smart,
If men but rightly play their part,
And learn the lesson of their lot.

For somewhere in God's scale of time,
—Who made creation in six days—
A year shall usher in the blaze
And glory of that blessed clime,

Where all earth's christian martyrs rise
With raiment white and waving palm,
To chaunt the praises of the Lamb
In ecstacy that never dies.

And he who render'd up the sword,
And he who wore the heavy chain,
Shall find the fruit of all their pain,
Within the bosom of their Lord!

FANNY DOWNING.

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN.*

OF Roman Seville little remains. A pillar, here and there, worked into a building—a tomb or other piece of sculpture, now and then met with among rubbish, is all that is left of the mightiest and most enduring domination ever known over the nations. We must remember, however, that the Saracen came after the Roman: and the Saracenic power was fiercely hostile in habits, in ideas, in faith and in civilization to the subdued races. The Moslem invasion, at least in its earlier days, unlike the Greek, the Roman, the Teutonic, was not amalgamative. It was, indeed, eminently destructive and creative, but neither as a destructive nor as a creative power did it owe much to previous invaders.—It destroyed with all the energy of a mad bull, but only to turn round and re-create upon models of glo-

*Continued from page 323.

rious beauty all its own. Hence, upon whatever land it laid its heavy hand, it left little that was peculiar to former conquerors; though, as no heavier hand touched its own work, much that was peculiar to itself. So it has come to pass that Seville, which was the chosen seat of Roman sway in Spain for centuries, has scarcely any Roman monuments, yet it is to this day largely more than half Moorish. Nearly all the private residences, if not originally built by the Moors, are, at any rate, constructed on their style of architecture. The houses are low, not usually more than two stories. They are of stone, and kept always scrupulously clean on the exterior by frequent and thick applications of white-wash. They have no windows looking towards the street, except the few introduced by the Spaniards, which are strongly barricaded by iron gratings. The streets themselves are so narrow that friend may shake hand with friend across many of them. You are conducted, by way of entrance into the house, through an open-worked iron gate, along a passage, till you reach a *patio*, or court, which is *the home* of the family, if that word may be applied at all to the semi-Moorish domestic life of the Sevillians. At least, in this court, which is open to the sky, though easily covered by an awning, the family stay for more than three-fourths of the year, removing to the upper story in the colder months. The court is furnished according to the taste or purse of the owner. Among the wealthy, it is paved with elegantly painted porcelain blocks, surrounded by colonnades and arches supported by marble pillars, and adorned with every thing that can give a lullaby to the senses—statues, tropical fruits and fountains. Even among the meaner sort it is never without the orange-tree or lemon, and the fragrance of flowers. Here, in this kind of half-in-doors, half-out-doors existence, yet in unbroken seclusion, life passes, dreaming, lying down, loving to slumber.—All these arrangements, it will be perceived, have been made with reference at once to coolness and privacy, as would be natural in a climate which hardly knows winter, and among a people, like the Moors, where the jealousy of man is high or the virtue of woman low. A purer religion has rendered man and woman better, so that the latter effect contemplated by these arrangements happily no longer obtains; but the heavens and the earth remain as of old: nor can one fail to admire how yet the structure of the houses, with gardens in the midst, and every green tree, tends softly to break the intense light of an Afric sun, and artificially to bring within every household a perpetual autumn—

"That beautiful uncertain weather,
Where gloom and glory meet together."

THE ALCAZAR.

This is the finest specimen of Moorish architecture in Seville, and next to the Alhambra, in Spain. It was long the residence of the Spanish Princes, the last occupant being the Duke of Montpensier, husband of the Infanta of Spain, who removed from it only a few years before my visit. I do not purpose to describe it, since any one who can form an idea at all of an ordinary Moorish dwelling, has only to enlarge his conceptions to the dimensions of a palace in order to realize the Alcazar—its grand portal, its noble saloons, its oriental decorations, its delicate arabesques, its marble-pillared corridors, its terraces, its gardens with baths and fountains, and orange-clad walls, and golden fruits and balmy airs, as from Araby the Blest. And it has its tales, too, of love and murder, which some Irving might work up into successful rivalry

with those of the Alhambra. My own guide whispered to me a whole romance on sight of certain red spots in the floor of the room, next to the great Hall of Ambassadors. In this room Don Pedro cruelly abused the rights of hospitality, and of kinship, by murdering his own brother, whom he had invited as a guest. The spots, which ages will not out, are said, traditionally, to be the blood of the murdered brother.—My guide, who had doubtless seen these same spots a thousand times, immediately grew low in his tones and solemn in his aspect, while he told me the tale of horror. He declared that the royal murderer was often yet to be seen in the silent night, habited as a Moor, with drawn scimitar, to haunt this room and the garden. He added, with emphasis, that the spectre of Don Pedro was the secret reason of the removal of the Duke of Montpensier from this Palace—the Duchess not being able to endure the annoyance of the apparition. Mine ear seemed to receive in implicit faith the terrible narrative; and I asked my guide credulously what was the cause of the quarrel between the brothers. "Oh!" he artlessly replied, "a woman—a pretty woman—that's all!" But "that's all" is enough to found a pleasant story upon, if the story-teller have no more regard to historic truth than my guide had.—I commend the incident to some rising Scott.

THE FAIR.

I witnessed, while in Seville, the annual Fair which is held towards the close of April. The articles on exhibition or for sale embraced raw material and manufactured products, both foreign and domestic. The occasion is especially favorable for seeing whatever Spain is capable of producing. The sheep were the finest I ever saw. The Peninsula abounds in mountain ranges and vast plains well suited to sheep husbandry, which is an extensive and lucrative business.—The shepherd, clothed in sheep-skin, with his crook and his faithful dog, frequently attracts the eye of the traveler as a charming element in the landscape.

The cattle were not good. One rarely or never in the world sees better specimens of bulls than those usually fought in the Spanish ring: and I had expected to see something correspondingly good in their cows and oxen. But the ox is not much used in Spain, and the cow, for purposes of milk, is rivalled, if not superseded, in popular estimation, by the goat. The Spanish grazier, therefore, though he may have some fine cows as breeders, gives his main care and attention to bulls, as the great national sport furnishes a never-failing market for that animal. It is as if the policy or the pastimes of a people should give chief encouragement to the production of pugilists. The bulls for the arena are tended upon the plains of Audalusia, away from the haunts of men, until immediately before they are needed for the fight. Of course their wildness and fierceness would forbid their exhibition upon an occasion like a Fair.

The horses, also, disappointed me. I had read so many glowing descriptions of the Andalusian steed in the books of travelers, that I was prepared for something very fine, but to my unskilled eye he is an inferior animal of his kind. He has, it is true, much spirit and much endurance, but is undersized and destitute of symmetry. If one may judge, too, from the wretched racing which I saw, he lacks speed, also. The Spaniards, in fact, do not cultivate or value the horse. The mule is the principal beast of burden and draught, even for pleasure-carriages. The horse is used chiefly in the bull-fight,

where from twenty to thirty are killed in the course of a single evening.

There were no improved implements of husbandry—no curious labor-saving machines—no plowing matches—nothing, indeed, which indicated an advanced or rapidly advancing agriculture. And what one saw at the Fair, or rather failed to see, in reference to the interests of agriculture, is confirmed by what meets the eye nearly all over the kingdom.—With a soil the most generous that nature or art ever made, there is the worst culture man ever did—except, perhaps, in the Southern States of my own country. And from like causes in both instances—that is—primarily and chiefly the consolidation of immense landed estates in the hands of a few—thus fixedly withholding the great source of national wealth, either from general circulation or from thorough tillage. In 1820, it is estimated, that there were but twenty millions of acres owned by small proprietors, who cultivated their own soil, while forty millions were held by the grandees and the church—grandees who rioted away their livings in the whirl of the distant capital, and a church, which, though wisely diligent in the cure of souls, was notoriously thriftless in the cure of lands. This system of accumulation in mortmain has hung, like a mill-stone, about the neck of Spanish industry. Spain, however, though when compared with other countries far behind in agricultural progress, is yet, when compared with herself, really much advanced. The incubus just alluded to is measurably removed, and the bold legislation, already begun while I was there, looking to the development of the landed interest, has been prosecuted, I learn, without lifting hand from the work, to the most cheering and successful results. The secularization of the church property, the abolition of tithes, entails and other vestiges of feudalism, together with the establishment of internal improvements and institutions for the diffusion of agricultural knowledge, have put the kingdom considerably forward in this branch of industry. The happy effect is already visible in the significant fact, that the number of small proprietors has doubled within a few years.

The display of manufactured articles, such as silks, woolens and cottons, was highly respectable, showing that the statesmanship which has awakened Spanish agriculture as from the dead, has been felt also in the department of manufactures. A more convenient season will come, it may be, to mark the progress achieved and still making in these industries. But whatever advance Spain may boast now or attain in the future, she must forever painfully recall from what a height of material prosperity she has fallen since the times of the Moors, when she reflects on the single fact, that then the city of Seville alone contained 130,000 persons engaged in manufactures—30,000 more than the whole population at this day. It happened that some Moorish merchants, with fine fabrics from Fez, were present at the Fair; and the appearance of these turbaned sons of the desert, in their graceful costumes, moving with a certain solemn mien among the merry crowd, was highly picturesque, filling the mind with visions of departed glory. Nor could I but fancy, that half in pride of their own proud race, half in derision of their impoverished conquerors, they often contrasted the present leanness of the land with its overflowing fulness while they were its masters. Yet, whatever emotions they secretly cherished, they certainly seemed reconciled to the irreversible decision of arms and of fate. They mingled freely and

chaffered pleasantly with the Spaniards, as if the races had never broken a lance or crossed a sabre.

But the feature which was more attractive, after all, than four-footed beasts, or the fruits of the earth, or the products of human skill, was the variety of Spanish life and character presented to the eye of the visitor at the Fair. One might see and study all Spain here in a little compass. There is no delusion more general among persons who have not informed themselves well concerning the Peninsula, than that it is a region homogeneous in climate, soil, language and people. The map itself misleads us by the appearance of a kingdom, squarely and compactly put together. In truth, however, nowhere is earth and sky so much diversified. And from the circumstance that the country has, for nearly four hundred years, been under one common national government, we are apt to imagine, that its inhabitants, at least, have been moulded into a uniformity of national life and character. But nowhere indeed is the spirit of localism so intense; nowhere are provincialisms so marked. There is far less difference between the fine old Virginia gentleman, and the New England Yankee, wide as we deem that difference in speech and manners, than between the grave Castilian and the gay Andalusian. This multiform heterogeneousness, how it has come to pass and what have been its evil consequences (for it has been a Pandora's box to Spain) is an interesting topic of inquiry, which may engage our thoughtful consideration hereafter. At present, as we stroll through the long lines of booths erected on the plain where the Fair is held, amid the voice of mirth and merry-making, the sound of the guitar and the click of the castanets, we note only, how the endless peculiarities of feature and costume undeceive us in reference to Spanish unity and nationality. It looks like an assemblage of many nations instead of one—Castilians, Asturians, Arragonese, Catalans, Manchegans, Valencians, Murcians, Estremadurans—all as distinctly marked from each other by local chracteristics as so many foreigners: and the Andalusian most distinguishable of all on this occasion. He is seen here in all his flippant glory, at once on the best and on the worst side of his many-sided character. Polite, social, brilliantly intellectual—false, frivolous, excessively pleasure-loving; he combines more distinctive and contradictory qualities than any other species of the genus Spaniard. The truth is not in him—at least he never tells it. An intensely fervid imagination, if not a positive love for lying, leads to the vicious habit of superlative exaggeration in every thing. His religion has degenerated into superstition. He will devoutly cross himself and repeat an "*Ave-Maria*," while he filches your purse or boldly robs you on the highway. His physique is the model of manly vigor and comeliness. His handsome form is flashily set off by an apparel which proclaims the man—a turban cap, close black or crimson velvet jacket, knee-breeches, parti-colored sash around the waist, frilled shirt, leather leggings open at the calf to show a neat white stocking—and the whole costume from head to foot bespangled with tags and tassels and tinsel. The women almost transport you by figures made perfect in the pretty simple mantilla, tight silk or velvet bodices, short heavily flounced skirts, displaying the tiniest feet in the world. The favorite colors for both sexes are crimson and yellow. But with all his faults and garish tastes, the Andalusian is to the traveler the most agreeable specimen of Pe-

ninsular humanity. No hand is so welcome—no heart so warm.

The scene was enlivened with foot-racing, wrestling, gambling and dancing. All classes of the Spanish people are ruinously addicted to gambling. The Spaniard saves all his little earnings for three things—for the card-table, the lottery, and the bull-fight. The Spanish dance is something unique. Taken in all its varieties (and there are many of them) it exceeds, in easy wavy motion, in gentle graceful bendings, in elastic animated action, all tripping on "the light fantastic toe" the world over. Compared with it, the formal, complicated movement of the cotillion is frigid, the waltz lascivious, the reel coarse. There is the *abandon* of a negro frolic—yet there is grace in every step, propriety in every posture. The Spanish girl dances all over—head, neck, arms, body, feet—but the most delicate taste can discover nothing of the stage courtezan in her bounding nimbleness. I have often wondered how these people—even the commonest of them—came by so exquisite a perception and execution of whatever is most severely modest and absolutely elegant in this charming amusement.

An observation or two, in regard to manners, inevitably force themselves upon us, when we mingle with large assemblages of Spaniards. It would be hard, not to say impossible, to collect together several thousand Americans, amid feasting and jollity, without gentle folks being jostled and elbowed, if not insulted, by swaggering rudeness, flown with insolence and whisky. Here, however, notwithstanding the eating, drinking, gambling, dancing and rollicking run wild, you will not find a drunken man, nor will you experience an impertinence in touch or remark—but a decency, a decorum, a refined civility rather, which our crowds are utter strangers to. Our boasted civilization may, perhaps, take a lesson from this fact; and there is another fact, too, which, whether it be a reproach or a praise to our republicanism, must not escape us. Look over this motley throng of men, women and children, peasants, nobles and beggars; and mark upon what easy terms of social equality they hold intercourse with each other. What distinction in rank do you see?—Much in dress, much in equipage, much in what a man puts on or has about him; but none in behavior, none in anything that really makes the man. Were it not for the mere exterior, you could not tell the prince from the peasant. Notice that fellow down at heels and out at elbows walk up to a grandee and ask him for his fine Havana, wherewith to light his own plain paper-cigar.—There is neither cringing or impudence on the one side, nor condescending compliance or surly rebuff on the other. The request is politely made, politely granted, and then the parties bow each other away, as equal with equal. You may observe the same thing on a thousand other occasions.—It is a sight worth a long travel to see this free social equality—never intrusive, never repulsive—in the old monarchy of Spain, where the hard surface of political inequality has not been broken or scarcely touched by modern reform and progress. The contrast is striking, if not pleasing, to an American in reference to the case of his own country.—With almost universal political equality, yet in our social connections and interchanges, unless they have some relation to our all-devouring politics, we are apt to be exceedingly fastidious. Wealth, or the pride of family, or high mental culture, among us, seems not to know how to meet inferiority of any kind in an easy, social manner, or with-

out some outcrop of its own preëminence. How much of this is due to the intrinsic value we put on these artificial distinctions themselves, I will not stay to inquire. I think, however, that the difference may be accounted for more reasonably on the score of climate and the open-air life of the Spaniards. They see each other, feel each other, exchange familiar greetings and pleasant words with each other, at least once a day, on the promenade. We have no such common ground of frequent social concourse. The Spaniards live much out-doors, we much in-doors; and the door is a very exclusive thing. A hint is all I propose to drop on this subject now, but I am persuaded that in our Southern States, where the climate well admits of it, we might considerably improve the charm and healthfulness of our social life by an imitation of Spanish habits, without, at the same time, abating one jot or tittle of our political rights and privileges.

The Fair, which began on Monday, wound up on Sunday afternoon with a grand bull-fight; and now what shall we say to that? That say, if any at all, must be adjourned.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SOUTHERN HOMESTEADS.

SHIRLEY.*

Of all the demesnes actually and by association incorporated with the past history of Virginia, there is none more suggestive of her illustrious by-gones than that selected as the subject of this sketch. Commanding the broadest scope of years, (it is probably the oldest dwelling in the State,) it stands a monument of those old times when the Indian hunter roamed, and the English settler's axe rang through the fastnesses of the aboriginal forests.

The present incumbent and heir of the estates of Shirley, in baptismal name and patronymic, represents two lines of honorable ancestry. The name of Carter is "a household word" in Virginia, and of Col. Edward Hill, the builder of Shirley, we shall presently see that he occupied no mean place in his State history.

According to Campbell, the historian, the locality was settled by Sir Thomas Dale, in 1611.—About the Christmas season of that year, we are informed, in punishment of some depredations committed by the Appomattox Indians, he drove them from their town, near where the Appomattox empties into the James, and being so pleased with the situation, established a plantation there, calling it Bermudas. The same is now known as Bermuda Hundreds.

Crossing over the river, plantations were laid out on that side also, and among these was "West Shirley."

The present possessor says:—"The first evidence of my ancestors being in possession of Shirley, is, that Col. Edward Hill, the elder, my great, great, great grandfather, who built the Shirley house, was sent up James river in 1656, to dislodge the Indians at the falls, and the probability is that

* Supposed to have taken its name from Sir Thomas Shirley of Whiston, England, whose daughter Lord Dunmore married in 1692.

he had built the house and was then residing in it, but how long before we know not.

"He lived a number of years and died at Shirley, (leaving one son, Edward Hill, Jr.) He lies buried here under his tomb-stone, which says he was a member of the King's Council, Colonel and Commander-in-Chief of the counties of Charles City and Surry, Judge of His Majesty's High Court of Admiralty, and some time Treasurer of Virginia."—He died in 1700, aged 63 years.

Mr. Campbell says, (p. 233 of his Virginia History,) "In the year 1656, six or seven hundred Ricahecrian Indians having come down from the mountains, and seated themselves near the falls of the James river, Col. Edward Hill, the elder, was put in command of a body of men and ordered to dislodge them. He was reinforced by Totopotomoi, chief of Pamunkey, with one hundred of his tribe. A creek enclosing a peninsula, in Hanover county, retains the name of Totopotomoy, and Butler, in Hudibras, alludes to this chief:—

'The mighty Totipotimoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league held forth by brother Patch.'"

There was some dissatisfaction with the result of Col. Hill's expedition; the brave Totopotomoi, with most of his gallant warriors, was slain, and general defeat marked the day. Col. Hill was now, by unanimous vote of the House of Burgesses, condemned to pay the whole expense of effecting a peace with the Indians, and was, moreover, disfranchised.—(Herring I. 402, 422.) However, we find that subsequently, that is, in 1659, he was so far reinstated in favor, as to receive a unanimous election to the place of Speaker of that honorable body but just mentioned.

There are portraits at Shirley of this gentleman and his wife.—The latter was, previous to marriage, a Miss Williams, of Wales, England.

Their grand-daughter, the only child of Edward Hill, Jr., was married to John Carter, eldest son of Robert, known as "King" Carter—princely Palatine of Lancaster and the country round—"and thus," says Hill Carter, Esq., "the Shirley estate came into the hands of the Carters, and I get my name of Hill." The said John Carter succeeded his father at Carotoman, on the Rappahannock river, and his eldest son by first marriage, Charles Carter, lived and died at Shirley.

This Charles Carter's eldest son, by second marriage, inherited the place, and the present incumbent inherits from him.

"My son, who will succeed me," says this gentleman, "will make the seventh generation in a little over two hundred years, proving the old rule of thirty years to a generation to be correct, in our family, at least."

The Shirley house is a noble brick mansion, showing but few symptoms of decay, in spite of its age.

In the midst of elegant surroundings, it presents four fronts to view, being constructed in the old English style, as we commonly say, the buildings enclosing a large, square court. It is enclosed by graceful porticoes, and fronts the river, from which it is about fifty yards removed, East and West.

The main building is a three-story dwelling, containing ten spacious rooms, and on either side, there are two others, which contain four rooms each.

Beside these, there are two buildings, which in old times were used as store-houses. In these, the goods imported by the planters, for family use, were deposited. They are all of brick, and go towards forming the court previously mentioned.

Out of this square, there is a large brick stable containing stalls for thirty horses, and coach-rooms for eight coaches. These are suggestive of the style of living at the time Shirley was built, and for many years subsequently.

In 1816, upon Mr. Hill Carter's accession to the place, one of the old wings to the main building was found to be in ruins. He caused it to be pulled down, but with this exception all are standing as they stood years and years ago, though the dwelling corresponding to the one razed is now in a state of decay.

Shirley, like all the very old mansions upon the rivers is destitute of forest trees, and this is owing to the fact that they were located on old Indian settlements, where the land had been cleared and cultivated in corn many years before occupation by the whites.

But this place has been, from time to time, embellished by the hand of taste, in the planting of Lombardy poplars, fine, large weeping willows, and English walnuts of enormous size,—they were short-lived, however, being exotics, and the Dutch elms, chosen to supplant them, have shared no better fate. But fine native poplars, which were at last employed to take their places, now spread their umbrageous boughs afar, and promise shade and protection for many a year to come.

"I have no doubt," says Mr. Carter, "that I found at Shirley the second or third set of trees planted out by my ancestors, as Lombardy poplars, willows and English walnuts do not last more than fifty to ninety years in this climate. The first Lombardy poplars, I have understood, were imported into Virginia by Mrs. Byrd, of Westover, in the year 1790, or 1791, and they expired there and at Shirley about thirty years ago, so that they only lasted forty or fifty years."

Beyond the planting of trees—one of the most benevolent of home inspirations, because it looks mainly to the good of successive generations—the heritage of a refined taste has beautified these classic domains with all the embellishments, naturally suggested thereby.

In common with all the James river seats belonging to old and aristrocratic families, this has been long and well known as a favorite haunt of the old State-genius, hospitality, the elegant administration of which, alone, will long commemorate the name of Shirley.

In this classic atmosphere, that is, within a compass of about twelve miles either way from Shirley, are many homesteads redolent of the honor and antiquity of our blessed old State.

Turkey Island, now owned by the gallant Pickett of Southern Confederate memory, was the homestead of the original stock beginning in this country with William Randolph, Gentleman, and sending forth its illustrious branches—beside those of the same name, never to be forgotten while Virginia pride lives—in such names of high renown as Richard Henry Lee and his patriot brother, Chief Justice Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Mann, Cary, Bland, and William Stith, the historian.

There is Berkely, where lived Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and where was born William Henry Harrison, President of the United States; Sherwood Forest, once the residence of the Hon. John Tyler; historic Westover, and others which cannot here be enumerated.

The noted offspring of the Carter name, previously mentioned here under his well-known cognomen of "King" Carter—*sobriquet* accorded for his vast possessions and princely munificence, (five

hundred square miles of land and eleven hundred slaves comprised a portion of his estate,) has left Christ Church, in Lancaster county a monument of his wealth and liberality.

It occupied the site of a church built by his ancestor, John Carter, and was erected at his exclusive expense. It was built the year of Washington's birth, is handsomely constructed of English brick, and, far as time has forborne to touch it, is well preserved.

It contains many fine monuments, most of them of the Carter family. At the East end, stands the stately tomb of the church's founder, bearing a lengthy latin inscription, one sentence of which accords him honor due in the erection of this temple: "*Opibus amplissimis bene partis instructus, ædem hanc sacram, in Deum pietatis grande monumentum, propriis sumptibus extruit hocupletavit.*"

Among other testimonials of his exalted social position, we find the name of "Robert Carter" taking precedence of that of the minister of the parish on all Vestry records, though it is a fact that similar records in the other counties, even where knights were vestrymen, the minister's name ranks all.

Moreover, we are told, in those Sabbaths long ago, the congregation used to gather by this church which he built, and await the arrival of King Carter's coach, nor enter except following or succeeding himself and family. Of course, this was an arbitrary arrangement among themselves.

At his residence, Carotoman, are still seen piles of English rock, placed along shore to keep the soil from washing. This was the ballast thrown out from English vessels consigned to him. There were so many that some, for the want of cargo, came laden thus.

"He was speaker of the House of Burgesses six years. Treasurer of the Colony, and for many years Member of the Council, and as President of the body, he was at the head of the government upwards of a year." (Campbell's Hist. of Va.)

He was twice married; the second time to Betty Landon, one of the ancient family of that name, of Grednal, Hereford county, England. Their portraits hang in the hall at Shirley.

In turning over the pages of the State history, to which reference has often been made in these sketches, we find honorable mention of many members of the family now represented by the subject hereof.

First, there is John, named here as the founder of a church long since extinct. We find him the chairman of an important committee in the House of Burgesses during Matthew's gubernatorial dynasty. He was member for Upper Norfolk, now Nansemond, in 1649 and 1654, and subsequently for the county of Lancaster.

Col. Edward Carter was, in 1658, Burgess for Upper Norfolk, and in 1660, Member of the Council. Charles, of Shirley, was a member of the first Council under the new republican constitution. Associated with him were such men as Dudley Digges, John Page, John Tayloe, John Blair, Thomas Nelson, Bartholomew Dandridge and Benjamin Harrison of Berkely. This when "a certain Patrick Henry, Jr." unscathed by the fiery wrath of Dunmore, was installed the official occupant of the Governor's palace at Williamsburg.

Col. Landon Carter, we find with keen, satiric pen, enlisted in the controversy indissolubly linking the name of Patrick Henry with the "Parson's Cause." This in the days when the Virginia *Gazette*, published at Williamsburg, was the vehicle of many a now classic altercation.

St. Ledger Landon Carter, now some years deceased, published a volume, "Nugæ, by Nugator," containing some jewels of poesie, which ought to place his name in the front rank of Southern writers. So to invisible resurrection are those illustrious dead called up by memory, along with the name of Shirley.

FANNY FIELDING.

WORK.

Lost in amazement at the wonderful activity of all the creations of God, the Wise Man exclaimed "all things are full of labor: man cannot utter it." The earth upon which we stand that seems so firm and immovable, is turning upon its axis with a speed of a thousand miles per hour, and making its revolutions around the sun at a rate of twenty miles per second, accomplishing its journey of more than 600,000,000 of miles in a single year! If we look upon the ocean with its untiring ebb and flow, with its swift under and upper currents, with its surface agitated by ten thousand keels, ruffled by the passing breeze, and lashed into fury by the storm,—'tis but a type of the ceaseless unrest above and below, behind and before, to right and to left, pervading all space and continuing for all time! The brook hastens to the creek, the creek hastens to the river, the river hastens to mingle its waters with the heaving, tossing, never idle billows of the sea! Each, too, sings its song of labor as it hurries upon its allotted way, the gentle ripple over the pebbles, the noisy prattle among rocks, the roar down the cataract, and the far resounding swell of the great deep!

The quivering leaf and swinging bough are visible manifestations of activity in the vegetable world.—But concealed from the eye are far more astounding energies at work —absorption and exhalation—assimilation of appropriate and rejection of unsuitable food—a laboratory in operation with all the appliances of the art of the chemist, with no need to suspend its functions to allow him rest and repose. And when the finger of decay and death is laid upon plant or tree, new forces and new vitalities are brought into play—instead of quiet and idleness, we have renewed energy and more amazing activity.

"Without entering on the difficult question of *spontaneous motion*, or, in other words, on the difference between vegetable and animal life, we would remark, that if nature had endowed us with microscopic powers of vision, and the integuments of plants had been rendered perfectly transparent to our eyes, the vegetable world would present a very different aspect from the apparent immobility and repose in which it is now manifested to our senses. The interior portion of the cellular structure of their organs is incessantly animated by the most varied currents, either rotating, or ascending and descending, ramifying, and ever changing their direction, as manifested in the motion of the granular mucus of marine plants (Naiades, Characeæ, Hydrocharidæ), and in the hairs of phanerogamic land plants; in the molecular motion first discovered by the illustrious botanist Robert Brown,

and which may be traced in the ultimate portions of every molecule of matter, even when separated from the organ; in the gyratory currents of the globules of cambium (*cyclosis*) circulating in their peculiar vessels; and, finally, in the singularly articulated self-unrolling filamentous vessels in the antheridia of the chara, and in the reproductive organs of liverworts and algæ. If to these manifold currents and gyratory movements we add the phenomena of endosmosis, nutrition, and growth, we shall have some idea of those forces which are ever active amid the apparent repose of vegetable life."—*Cosmos, I*, 341.

If we turn now to the solid minerals and adamantine rocks, what vast powers have been employed in production, moulding and shaping! How they have been heaved by fire and tossed about by water! How they have been aggregated and disintegrated, compacted and perforated with pores, mended and elongated, made opaque and made transparent—ever growing, ever wasting. How we see change connected with all that we regard as most stable, and motion attending that which seems most fixed. These great masses brought forth in the mighty throes of nature shall always obey the law of their birth—the law of perpetual activity. Their surface, their internal structure, their organic elements will enjoy no single moment of rest till "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

Some contend that there is the same molecular motion in the mineral as in the vegetable world.—But without adopting this view, there are enough of disturbing elements, heat and cold, storm and sunshine—all antagonist to repose. So that iron and granite proclaim, there is no idleness in us!

But if we turn away from this transitory world, with its perishing and perishable animals, we may surely expect to find repose in the great luminary of day—the type in every age and in all countries of the fixed, the immutable, and the eternal. We will not find it there! The sun himself is turning on his axis at a rate of 4500 miles per hour and is revolving around Alcyone, the great centre of the solar system,* with a velocity thirty times as great as that of the swiftest cannon ball, at the moment of leaving the mouth of the cannon! All his attendant hosts are following him in his prodigious revolution, requiring 18 millions of years to perform around that far distant centre.—Alcyone himself may be but the satellite of another sun still more remote, and may be whirling around it with more rapidity than *our* sun in his orbit. And that far off third sun and centre may be revolving around another still more distant, with a still more rapid flight; and so ascending through the realms of space, until we reach the final centre of complex and complicated systems—the throne of the awful Jehovah. Even here there is no rest except from sin, sorrow, and suffering.—"And they *rest not* day and night, saying Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." "Therefore are they before the throne of God and *serve him day and night* in his temple." The Mohamedan Paradise is a place of stupid indolence and sensual indulgence. The Christian Heaven consists in untiring energy and perpetual activity in glorifying God, and not in pandering to self.

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* Herschel supposed that this centre was somewhere in Hercules, but the more recent observations of Mädler of Dorpat Observatory place it in Alcyone, one of the Pleiades. Is there not an allusion to this grand centre of attraction in the book of Job? "Who can bind the sweet *influences* of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?"

Many persons have mistaken, not to say dishonoring, views of the glorious Creator himself, imagining him seated in dignified repose, like a monarch on his throne, watching and regulating the stupendous machinery of the universe. Now there is not the slightest warrant in the Scriptures for such debasing thoughts of him; and a brief glance at the works of his hands will expose their absurdity.

"The space which surrounds the utmost limits of our system, extending in every direction to the nearest fixed stars, is at least forty billions of miles in diameter." (Christian Philosopher.)—This vast space is filled with bodies of immense magnitude turning on their axes, and revolving round the sun with inconceivable rapidity. One of them has a mass of matter 338 times as large as that of the earth, and has a rate of motion of 29,000 miles an hour. Another is revolving with a speed of 76,000 miles per hour; and a third 105,000 miles per hour. The sun himself is equal in bulk to 1,350,000 such worlds as that on which we live. The little tiny spots on his surface are larger than our globe. But the sun dwindles into a mere speck, when compared with the mightier bodies in space. The solid contents of Vega, one of the brightest of the fixed stars, are estimated to be 55,000 times greater than the solid contents of our sun. The nebula in Orion is said to "exceed two trillions times the dimensions of the sun, vast and inconceivable as these dimensions are!" "Stand still and consider the wondrous works of God.—Dost thou know when God disposed them?"

The distances of the heavenly bodies are no less amazing than their prodigious magnitudes. We first use the distance of the earth from the sun, as the unit of measure. We say that a body is twice as far distant, three times, ten times, &c. But when we pass into the stellar universe, this measurement fails. The measuring rod is too short! We now use the flight of light, 192,000 miles per second, as the unit of measure: since the nearest fixed star is twenty billions of miles distant. We say that light would be ten years, fifty years, a hundred years in traveling from such a star to our earth. We measure now by years of light! It is calculated that light is nine years coming to us from 61 *Cygni*, one of the nearest of the stars; and that it is 537 years in coming from Alcyone, the centre of our system. But if the view of Humboldt be right, these amazing distances are but a stone's throw in comparison with those of the nebulæ. He says, "the contemplation of these nebulous masses leads us into regions from whence a ray of light, according to an assumption not wholly improbable, requires millions of years to reach our earth—to distances, for whose measurement, the dimensions of our nearest stratum of fixed stars would scarcely suffice." When we reflect that these nebulæ are resolvable into stars, and that each star is a central sun with his attendant planets, we form some faint conception of the glory and immensity of the universe, and of the activity of the mind which governs it. All the vast tracts of space filled with worlds, and all these worlds performing complicated movements with amazing velocity, and according to fixed and immutable laws. Even the erratic comet has his appointed path, though moving with a speed of 880,000 miles per hour, and dragging a train of 100,000,000 of miles in length.

But while the telescope displays these wonders of magnitude, vastness and velocity—all requiring activity in the Divine Mind, the microscope reveals equal marvels of infinitesimal minuteness demand-

ing the same activity. Think of a thousand millions of animalcules all combined not making a bulk, as large as a grain of sand; and yet each having life, motion, and a perfect organism! Think "that two cubic feet of the Tripoli slate of Billin contains 140 billions of fossil infusoria—that there are some millions of distinct fibres in the crystalline lens of the codfish—and that a single fungus (Bovista Giganteum) is composed of cellules far exceeding that number." Think that the common fly has more than ten thousand lenses in the structure of its eye. Think that there is an infinite number of infinitely small mechanical arrangements to promote the happiness of monadic creatures.—How unceasing then must be the care, attention, vigilance and activity of the august Being, who is the preserver, as well as the maker of all things. Does not the inspired prophet allude to this perpetual and yet exhaustless energy of the mighty governor of the universe? "Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, *neither is weary?*"

But the Scriptures leave this to no uncertain inference. God has chosen as his own symbol, light, the swiftest of all created things. "The Lord God is a *sun* and a shield." He is "the father of lights with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." "God *is* light, and in him is no darkness at all." He "is clothed with light as with a garment," &c., &c. God manifest in the flesh said of himself, "I am the light of the world." The Hebrew bowed in adoring reverence, when he saw the bright cloud of light rest over the ark of the covenant. He knew that Jehovah was there!—The first-born of man and of beast was sacred to the Lord, and light was the first of all created things. It is by no forced analogy, we infer that this, the first of all His creations, is in a peculiar manner consecrated to Himself. 'Tis His own chosen symbol.

The awful Jehovah beholds this swift messenger hundreds of years in reaching the nearest sun. This sun, as it revolves around another more distant, is sending forth rays which are hundreds of years in reaching this second sun. And so world upon world—system upon system—till we exclaim with Herschel, "fathomless!"—lost in infinity! How astounding must be the activity of the mind, which arranges, directs, controls, harmonizes and sustains the stupendous, boundless, inconceivable universe! "Behold God is mighty, and *despiseth not any:* He is mighty in strength and wisdom"—omnipotence combined with the tenderest care of all things, "despising not any."

This train of thought leads to the practical conclusion, that it becomes the creature to imitate the energy and activity of the glorious Creator. He Himself has proposed his own example to us. *Because*, He worked six days in creating our system, He has left us the *command* "six days *shalt thou labor* and do all thy work." He who came to fulfil all righteousness said, "my Father worketh hitherto and I work." And what shall we say of the Spirit of God "brooding" over all things—energizing, vitalizing—yea even interceding for the slothful and wicked servant "with groanings, which cannot be uttered!" What excuse has the slothful man for his idleness, when the Triune God governs and sustains the boundless, fathomless universe, with an energy commensurate with its immensity! When the holy beings, who do his bidding, are perpetually employed, and when all nature, animate and inanimate, is putting forth the most amazing activity! Shall this poor creature of an hour be idle alone of all the

works of God? Nay, he cannot be idle! Spite of the inertness of his own will, his lungs are heaving, his heart throbbing, his pulse beating, his blood racing, his stomach assimilating and rejecting.—Every thing above him, every thing around him, every thing in him rebukes his apathy and indolence. From all parts of the realms of space, and from the very Throne of God, comes a voice of reproach; yea, his own organism reproves his laziness. The idler seems to be under the special ban of Heaven, and to be set up as a special mark for the denunciations of the Scriptures. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise." He must learn a lesson from the despised little pismire. "The way of the slothful man is as a hedge of thorns." Every small exertion pricks him like a brier, or stings him like a nettle. "The slothful man hides his hand in his bosom; [probably he has been too lazy to wash it] and will not so much as bring it to his mouth again."—He is too lazy to feed himself, and his body-servant has gone to the "Blessed Bureau." "The slothful man saith there is a lion without." Poor fellow! he is afraid that something will bite him. "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all overgrown with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone-wall thereof was broken down." Alas! and a-lack-a-day, the negroes are all gone and the helpless creature can get no one to work for him. Solomon was a great King, but we fear that he was not very polite. He calls such an one, "a man void of understanding"—in plain English, a fool! Oh, Solomon, how could you use such language about such nice people? But Paul is still more merciless to this class. "This we commanded you," says he, "if any man would not work, neither should he eat." He seems, too, to class idlers and mischief-makers together. "For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, *working not at all, but are busy-bodies.*" In like manner, our Saviour connected idleness and crime; the unprofitable servant is called "wicked and slothful."

We have in the Bible but one picture of perfect womanhood—the wife in whom "the heart of her husband doth safely trust." Listen to the description of her, ye giddy butterflies of fashion, who have no higher ideas of life and its duties than the ball, the party, the theatre, the opera, &c. Listen, ye, whose dainty fingers must not be soiled with any thing coarser than the keys of a piano. "She riseth also, while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. * * * * She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. * * * * She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Such a woman has, of course, a well-regulated family and never degenerates into the fretful scold. Accordingly, we have the most beautiful part of the description in this, "she openeth her mouth with wisdom; *and in her tongue is the law of kindness.*" A different law is in the tongue of the lazy woman.

The righteous man is likened unto the palm-tree, with its abundant fruit and its usefulness for so many purposes. The wicked man is likened unto the barren bay-tree,

fit only for burning. Our Saviour uttered but one malediction upon earth. It was not against his enemies, slanderers and persecutors; not against those who mocked and buffetted him, and thirsted for his blood, and delivered him to be crucified; *but it was against the barren fig-tree*, which put forth leaves of promise and yielded no fruit. His parables are nearly all intended to rebuke slothfulness, unfruitfulness, and neglect of duty. The wicked and slothful servant, (observe the connection) who hid his lord's talent in the earth, was to be cast into outer darkness, where there should be weeping and gnashing of teeth. So the slothful servant, who made no use of his pound, but hid it in a napkin, had it taken from him and was reckoned among enemies. The rich man lifting up his eyes in torment saw the beggar in Abraham's bosom, whom he had *neglected* to feed and to care for. The five foolish and slothful virgins had *neglected* to fill their lamps with oil. The wicked on the left hand of the Judge in the description of the Judgment given in the 25th chapter of Matthew, had *neglected* to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and visit the sick and imprisoned. The wicked guest at the marriage feast had *neglected* to put on the wedding garment. The unprofitable husbandmen had *neglected* to give their lord his fruits in their season, and then proceeded to murder to avoid the penalty of their remissness. The prodigal son was an idle, thriftless fellow, who soon ran his race of riotous folly. The barren fig-tree was to be cut down as a cumberer of the ground, and though spared, 'twas only to see if 'twould bring forth fruit another year.

Such is the teaching of the parables, in regard to God's abhorrence of indolence and unfruitfulness. True religion, on the other hand, is likened unto leaven—an active, working principle—which does not stop its labor till it has permeated the whole mass. It is likened unto good seed in good ground, which brings forth an hundred fold. It is likened unto a grain of mustard, which is "less than all the seeds that be in the earth. But when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches: so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it." Our Saviour calls himself the light of the world, thus appropriating the symbol of activity and of Godhead. He went about doing good. He spent whole nights in prayer. He made wearisome journeys on foot. Yea, he labored with his own hands as a carpenter, until he was thirty years of age. What a rebuke is this manual labor of the Son of God to the pride and folly of those, who are seeking all kinds of petty offices, rather than soil their hands with honest, manly work. Ah, but 'twould be a pity to throw away such fine talents upon mechanical drudgery! Have they more splendid abilities than he had, who was the incarnation of the Divine Wisdom? Ah, but they have nobler aims and views than daily toil can afford! Have they higher objects in life than he had, who came to teach, to reform and to save the world? And yet with these grand and momentous duties before him, he postponed them till he was thirty years old that he might work as a carpenter. Not the least of the impressive lessons left us by his example, is this manual labor from youth till middle age. Let no one be so proud and presumptuous, as to be ashamed of that which Jesus did. Let no one be so proud and presumptuous as to imagine that he is hiding a light which ought to dazzle the world, when he is driving the wagon and plough, or wielding the axe, the maul, the plane, and the hammer. The Wis-

dom of God was engaged for long years in these employments. Is there any one so distinguished for learning and talents that the world would be the loser by his devoting himself to manual labor? Should any one be troubled with the fear of inflicting such a loss upon society, it is very certain that society would *not* be a loser by his withdrawal from it.

Now is the auspicious time to begin in our desolated but still beautiful South, to correct false notions about the servile nature of work. Those with us, who have no need to work with their own hands belong generally to that class, who shrank from the hardships of the march, and the dangers of the battle-field. Their purple and fine linen tell of speculation and extortion, the widow's tears, the orphan's wail, and the dead soldier's blood! Away with them! Poverty is now the true badge of nobility. It speaks eloquently of heroism, patriotism, obliviousness of self and selfish interests, generous sacrifice of every thing upon the altar of country. No blazoned coat of arms ever so plainly proclaimed honorable blood, as does that old faded uniform. Take heed, O ye heroes of many a hard-won field, lest you bring a stain upon your bright escutcheon. There is a cowardice which shrinks from duty, as well as a cowardice which shrinks from danger. 'Tis just as unmanly to fear "the world's dread laugh," as it is to fear the shot and shell of an enemy's battery. It is just as ignoble to neglect the obligations at home as to evade the service owing to the country. You have been true to the land of your birth, be true to those who are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. Your mothers, wives, and sweethearts have not blushed for your want of manhood in the field; let them not blush for your effeminacy and slothfulness at the fireside.—But we believe in the enduring manhood of the Southern soldier. We believe that he will meet toil and poverty in the same noble spirit, with which he has met privation and peril. He is no weak softling to be crushed by hardships and to be cast down by trouble. The lion in the path of the timid and irresolute is but a contemptible cur to him. We have seen one born to affluence, and who had acquitted himself well in the field, reduced to the necessity of driving a wagon.—To our eyes, he would not have appeared so noble, had he been seated in a royal equipage. We have seen another of the boys in grey—a real hero in the service—carrying as a porter great bales and boxes. We esteemed him more highly with these burdens on his shoulders, than we would another followed by a retinue of servants carrying bags of gold.

There was a fearful proverb among the Romans, "the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind surely." Retribution may be delayed, but it will certainly come. No gift of prophecy is needed to see the form it will take towards those, who neglected their duty to their country, to pamper to selfish indolence, or viler greed of gain. They have acquired habits of luxury and slothfulness, which unfit them for the stern battle of life. Their ill-gotten gains will be squandered in pompous display, in pampering to vicious appetites, or in farther tempting the fickleness of fortune. Nothing will then be left them, but the consciousness of dereliction of duty, imbecility, and criminal selfishness.

On the other hand, he who "learned to endure hardness as a good soldier," has gained an important victory over self, and will not be likely to shrink from any thing, because it may interfere with his ease and his comfort.—He bears about him, too, the

proud conviction of having played his part well: and this gives him the self-respect which enables him to despise the laugh of the world. His manhood has been tested and not found wanting. The jeer of fools cannot make him ashamed of his old coat, nor of honest, manly work. Adverse events will but purify and elevate his character. He will come forth out of the furnace of trial and affliction like thrice-purified gold. Spite of present poverty and humiliation, the true manhood of the country will eventually assert its supremacy. The pure mountain stream may be confined even in vile pipes of clay and carried to the vale below, but it will at length spring up to its original height, and as it exultingly bounds forth, 'twill catch the rays of the sun and reflect the glories of Heaven! The noble soul may be kept for a time in the valley of shame, but 'twill regain its former lofty preëminence, shining with a new and brighter effulgence.

He is but half-educated, who has not taken lessons in the school of suffering and sorrow. The nobler part of his nature has not been cultivated, the higher qualities of his soul have never been developed. Patient endurance, trust in God under trial, resignation, meekness, the forgiving spirit—almost every virtue, which adorns human nature, belongs not to prosperity, but to adversity. The angel explained to John in the apocalyptic vision that the glorified and adoring host were those "who had come out of great tribulation, and had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." 'Tis with nations as with individuals. The events, which make a country's history, are always those of trial and endurance. Their struggles against tyranny, their wars and revolutions, their calamities and their afflictions constitute the subjects of interest to succeeding generations. If the people bear themselves grandly and heroically in their misfortune, they command the admiration of posterity. If they "faint in the day of adversity," they provoke the contempt of all mankind. Countrymen of the South! we have lost every thing, save honor. Let us not excite the scorn of the world by unmanly neglect of duty, and by a false pride, on account of a poverty which is more than honorable, more than noble—that is positively glorious! Our lovely country—the fairest the sun ever shone upon—has been made forever sacred by the blood of heroes. See to it that through criminal slothfulness, it become not a wilderness overgrown with briers and thorns; and thus reproach be brought upon the honored dust of our martyr dead. The love for our ravaged but still beautiful South, the memory of past greatness, the reverence for those who sleep in bloody graves—all should stimulate to exertion, and should rebuke "womanish effeminacy."*

It is a grand thought of Milton that labor is the peculiar *prerogative* of our race, and marks our superiority over the brute creation. Adam says to Eve in Paradise, before sin entered its blissful bowers:

* * "Other creatures all day long,
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man has his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his *dignity*
And *the regard of Heaven* on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings, God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streaks the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labor to reform
You flowery borders, yonder alleys green," &c.

God has proposed his own example of industry to the creatures

* An expression we once heard Mr. McDuffie use.

made in his image. No other living thing can voluntarily take Him as a model and exemplar.—"My meat is to do the will of him that sent me and finish his work," was the reason given by the weary and hungry Saviour, for declining the food set before him. And in his intercessory prayer on the night of his betrayal, he could confidently appeal to his Father, "I have finished the work that thou gavest me to do." Oh that we could all say the same when the hour of death shall come! The poor simpleton, who is ashamed of work, brings reproach upon God manifest in the flesh, who was the carpenter of Nazareth. Slothful, weak and foolish, he fails to imitate his Maker, Redeemer and Sanctifier; but to resemble the inert, stupid ox in the stall, fattening for the day of slaughter.

'Tis a mistake to regard manual labor, as a part of the curse inflicted upon man for eating the forbidden fruit. 'Tis not a part of the curse, but the attendant upon it. Air and exercise are necessary for the healthy man, but the frosty morning and the hard-trotting horse are required by the dyspeptic. So moderate work was necessary even in Paradise, but when man's moral nature became diseased by sin, severer labor was needed as an antidote, and the ground became cursed, and would henceforth yield its abundance only to exhausting toil. This harder, sorer work is wanted as a medicine for the sin-sick soul.—How can that be regarded as a curse, which gives clearness to the intellect, vigor to the constitution, and strength to the nerves?

TOO PROUD TO WORK.

Our cause is lost, but shall we hold
That all is lost, and weakly fold
Our hands in apathy, and seem
Like those, who wakened from a dream,
Lie gaping—turn them to the wall,
And into deeper slumber fall!

Our cause is lost, but we remain
Lords of ourselves, and may obtain
Thrice glorious conquests, nobler far
Than blood-stained laurels won in war.
Naught can enslave the man who frees
Himself from sluggish sloth and ease,

And idleness, to shame allied,
And luxury and petty pride—
That pride which counts it stain and soil,
To earn the bread of honest toil,
Yet feels no scruple over nice,
For debts, dependence, want or vice!

Too proud to work! when even God
Through six long days of labor trod!
And when in later time He came,—
Enshrin'd in flesh, still God the same,—
The Hands, which guided Nature's rein,
Worked with the hammer and the plane!

Shame, shame—oh! bitter burning shame!
Let Southern valor, Southern fame,
And Southern honor, for the South
Cry out aloud with trumpet mouth,
"Shame on the men, who basely stand
Too proud to labor for the Land!"

Rebuke them you, who led them well
Unto the end, and when it fell
Laid dead-weights on your load of pain,
And went to daily toil again,
Made labor glorious, and threw
A halo round the South and you!

Cry shame unto the uttermost,
You, glorious dead, and living host,
Who held it honor to sustain
Your Country's burdens, and though vain
Your lives and labors, stand sublime
The foremost figures of the time!

Let Southern women's red lips curl,
And barbéd shafts of satire hurl
At men, who should, except for shame
To womanhood, bear woman's name!
We love not cowards, let it be
Danger, or duty, which they flee!

Shame on the sluggards!—let them find
The wise, and good, and pure combined
Against their weakness—let them feel
This taunt more keen than foeman's steel:
"These are the men, who duty shirk—
The Southern men too proud to work!"

FANNY DOWNING.

JOHN MILTON.

AMONG the Protestants of the English races, the figure of Milton fills the highest niche in the temple of literary fame. But to the popular reader, he is known almost exclusively by his poems, and especially, by his Paradise Lost. Many who read with awe and delight this majestic and unearthly epic, are little aware that its author was not only a literary recluse and dreamer of poetic visions, but an active controversialist, a keen reformer, and a great statesman, in the most decisive period of modern history. The true estimate of his genius is greatly enhanced by observing with what transcendent ability he acted in these diverse, and usually incompatible characters. We venture with diffidence, another discussion of his career, which has already been treated by so many able hands, from the conviction that it illustrates historical facts and principles, which still remain of prime importance ; and that the author's life and acts reflect so much light upon the sentiments of his poems.

John Milton was born in 1608, in Bread Street, London ; and was the son of a scrivener, or conveyancer of the same name. His father was of a Catholic family in Oxfordshire ; but having been persecuted by his father for religion, he became a decided Protestant and Puritan. He was a man of respectable character and fortunes ; and his wife, the poet's mother, is reported to have been a woman of admirable sense and piety. The son was early entered at St. Paul's school, where he pursued the study of the classics and modern languages, even from early childhood, with peculiar ardor. At the age of seventeen, he entered the University of Cambridge ; where he continued seven years. He took the degree of Bachelor in 1628, and of Master of Arts, in 1632. He became remarkable in the University for the same zeal in classical studies, for elegant scholarship, and skill in Latin and Italian versification, and for the feminine beauty of his Grecian face. His friends designed him for holy orders ; but the independent and revolutionary spirit of Milton had probably taught him already so unfavorable an estimate of the structure of the church Establishment, and the great Universities, that he firmly resisted these proposals. His morals were strict, and his piety unquestioned : his temper self-reliant, lofty, and exclusive ; his manners reserved, and his friendships jealously restricted to a small circle of intimates, whom he cherished with an ardent affection. It may be easily surmised, that such a character was never destined to be popular ; and it appears that while his character was stainless, he was regarded by his teachers and comrades with little favor, outside his own chosen circle.

At twenty-four then, Milton retired to his father's home, which was now fixed at Horton in Buckinghamshire ; and devoted himself to study and authorship, for about six years. He extended his knowledge of the sciences then cultivated, and of ancient and modern literature, until there was nothing adapted to enrich or adorn the mind, which he had not gathered into his treasury. During this happy retirement, he produced, besides several minor works, of which his Lycidas has been most noted, the *Mask of Comus*. This was composed for the noble family of the Earl of Bridgewater, and acted as a private entertainment

at Ludlow Castle in 1634. This exquisite poem, the most beautiful and pleasing of all his works, was suggested by a trivial incident, the temporary separation of the lady Alice Egerton, daughter of the Earl, from her brothers, during a journey through the woods near the Castle. Such was the modesty, or else the indifference of the author to popular favor, this *Mask* was not published until 1637, and then without his name.

Upon the death of Milton's mother, in 1638, he determined to gratify his desire to visit the chief seats of elegant learning in the south of Europe. He therefore spent a year and three months in Paris, Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice, and Geneva, forming many new literary associations, and perfecting himself in poetry and music, of which art he was, like his father, a skilful *amateur*. On this journey, having the advantage of influential introductions, in addition to his own merits, he was received wherever he went, with great favor by men of letters, and formed acquaintance with the first scholars of the Tuscan Academy *Della Crusca*, the celebrated Galileo, G. Diodati of Geneva, and others. No Englishman had ever displayed to the continentals so polished and universal a knowledge of their own, as well as of the classic languages and literature. Consequently none had been received with such honor.

Milton himself states that he was recalled from these delightful haunts of the muses, by the reports of an approaching collision between the party of absolutism and his friends in England. Deeming it dishonorable to be absent from a contest, in which those principles of constitutional government which he held so dear, were all at stake, he returned to his father's house in 1639. But his taste for literary society, together with his eagerness for the defence of liberal principles in church and state, determined him to reside in London, which was at once, the *emporium* of learned commerce, and the centre of the political agitations. Here, therefore, he became, first a lodger, and a little after, a householder, living as a bachelor in a commodious house in Aldersgate Street. On Nov. 3d, 1640, met the famous Long Parliament. Charles the I., disgusted by the firmness of previous legislatures in asserting the liberties of the kingdom, had governed for twelve years, without parliaments. In this interval, he had raised his revenues by illegal methods, and Laud and Earl Strafford had visited the Puritan party with frightful oppressions, through the High Commission Courts and Star Chamber. It was in this interval that John Hampden had submitted to arrest and imprisonment, in order to test before the courts the illegality of the king's levies of ship-money. But now, the straits to which Charles was reduced by the war with the Scotch, whom he had already driven into revolution by his invasions of their constitution, compelled him to appeal to his people for supplies. The consequence was, that the Parliament assembled with an almost unanimous resolve to redress the grievances of the country, and to build effectual barriers against the tyranny and treachery of the king. It is not necessary to do more than remind the well informed reader how, after ten months of fruitless demands and recriminations, both parties simultaneously resorted to arms; and the king, on the 25th of August, 1641, erected his royal standard at Nottingham, and summoned all his friends to aid him, against those whom he was pleased to call his insurgent subjects.

Milton at first adhered with all his soul, to the party of the Parliament: as did nearly the whole of his native city. He never seems to have imagined himself suited to

the field ; and in this he was undoubtedly wise. His recluse and studious habits, his feeble eyesight, his uncertain health, and his frequent turns of agonizing head-ache, evidently showed that his part in the struggle was not in camps and battles. But the great cause needed the pen as well as the sword ; and he embarked with all his powers in the career of the controversialist. The distribution of his father's moderate fortune, between himself and his brother and sisters, probably gave him but a scanty income. As he was of no profession, he supplemented his means by the income of a private school. This employment began by his receiving into his bachelor home, first, one, and then both of the sons of his elder sister, Mrs. Phillips ; and to these were soon added several others, the sons of his intimate friends. Thus, until he became an officer of the government of Cromwell, he pursued with diligence the modest labors of a private teacher, in his own house. But all his leisure hours were devoted to polemic authorship, and he postponed his offerings to the shrine of the muses, for the harsher sacrifices of controversy. His first work was a treatise of Reformation in England in two books, published in 1641. The same year, he published, first, a piece against "Prelatical Episcopacy," directed against the learned Archbishop Usher, Primate of of the Irish Establishment: and soon after he followed this by "The Reason of Church Government, urged against Prelacy." The labours of this year were closed by his "Animadversions" against Bishop Hall. In 1642, he continued the same controversy, by his "Apology for Smectymnus."

But the event was now at hand, which was to give a new direction to his studies. In the spring vacation of his school, 1643, Milton went into Oxfordshire for recreation, and at the end of a month returned with a blooming wife, Mary Powell, the daughter of a gentleman of that country, who was an ardent royalist. The bridegroom was now thirty-five years old, and the bride was in her 'teens. He was a Puritan ; the family of the Powells belonged to the Cavalier party. The tastes of the husband were grave, intellectual and quiet ; the wife was accustomed to, and delighted in, the gallantry, gaiety, levity and profusion of the court party. Milton lived, and found his happiness, amidst the highest walks of science, literature, and art: his wife was one of those pretty specimens of vacuity, whose sole charms are in a fresh color, a graceful shape, and a sparkling animal vivacity. When Sir Egerton Brydges saw her as Mrs. Milton in her matronly prime, he describes her as "a dull, unintellectual, insensate woman, though possessed of outward personal beauty." So ill-assorted a union requires some explanation. This is to be found on the part of the bride's parents, in the fact that Powell Senior was indebted to Milton's father for a loan of five hundred pounds ; which the reckless and profuse habits of the Cavalier disabled him from repaying, and by the advantages of a connexion with a man of the rival, and possibly the conquering party in the state, so important as Mr. Milton. For the young lady, the explanation is probably to be found partly in the gratification of her vanity, when she found herself courted by so eminent a scholar and man of genius, endowed withal, with a countenance of classic beauty, and a person accomplished in all gentlemanly arts, and partly in the habits of compliance with the parental will, to which the young women of England were then educated. On Milton's side, the solution is undoubtedly to be found in his poetic temperament, and the power of a profound pas-

sion. None live so completely amidst the ideals of their own imaginations, as men of genius. Our author's soul had doubtless cherished a vision of female loveliness, to which he delighted to impute all the refined graces and excellences, which his classic fancy could conceive ; and to this he had long paid a secret and rapturous homage in the chambers of his heart. As the very existence of human society depends upon the relations between the sexes, so our Creator has made the sentiments which unite them, the most profound and tender of all. Hence, in every man of genius, it is around the idea of woman, (as in every ardent female soul, it is around the idea of man) that his deepest imaginings and affections gather. Milton has revealed, in his works, that this was true of him at least. It is not hard to understand therefore, how, as he found himself released from the dun fog of London and the toils of the school room, in the sweet season of May ; and wandering some rosy morn through green lanes of blooming hawthorn, with a soul suffused with all the melting harmonies of nature, to which he has given expression so matchless in *L'Allegro*, the vision of the blooming English girl, coy and graceful, burst upon his eyes as the very impersonation of all the hidden graces, towards which his heart had yearned so long. Thenceforward he saw her only through the vision of romance and passion. It was but necessary that he should once accept her image as the realization of his ideal, for his genius to employ itself in garnishing her with the imperial wealth of its imagery. And until the spell was broken, Mary Powell was to him all that his creative fancy and lofty sentiment chose to paint her. It is difficult to doubt that the picture which he has drawn of the emotions of Adam at first beholding his Eve, was copied from his own raptures : and that it was the delicious reverence of his first love for Mary Powell, which taught him those lines of the 8th book of the Paradise Lost :

> "Yet when I approach,
> Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
> And in herself complete, so well to know
> Her own, that what she wills to do or say
> Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
> All higher knowledge in her presence falls
> Degraded ; wisdom in discourse with her,
> Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows."

Many other instances, besides that of Milton, have shown that when once the sweet infatuation is established, the tide of passion sweeps over the caution and wisdom of the man of years, as easily as over the inexperience of youth ; and so long as man is not too old to love (after which he is certainly to old to marry,) his experience gives him no guarantee against the delusion of which Milton was a victim. His is therefore a striking case in point, sustaining the argument of Bishop Hopkins in his "American Citizen" for early marriages ; in which he pleads that the mature bachelor has less safeguard against mistake, than the ingenuous youth. Certain it is, that Milton found, when he took his blooming bride to his home after a month's wooing, that he had committed the proverbial folly of "wedding in haste, to repent at leisure." At the end of the honeymoon, the lady, weary of her new life, sought leave, which it appears, was gracefully granted, to revisit her paternal home for a month. But the month passed by, and she did not return. Autumn arrived, and Milton's letters found no answer. After Michaelmas, he despatched a special messenger, with still another letter, to ensure her reception of it ; but she refused all answer, and dismissed his messenger with contempt. This reprehensible conduct was contin-

ued nearly two years; when, as will be related, the lady found it to her interest to seek a reconciliation, and was restored to her husband's favor.

The causes of her separation were probably complex. Our own times have seen a most skilful instance of those innocent literary impostures, in which Chatterton is said to have indulged his ingenuity, entitled the "Maiden and married life of Mary Powell." It is the work of a British lady, authoress of a similar fiction, the journal of Lady Willoughby. In this portraiture of Milton's wife, the fair author exhausts her skill, to cast a pleasing veil over her erring sister's sins. With a mind richly imbued with the history and literature of the 17th century, and a style steeped in the very spirit of its antique and sober romance, she has painted a loving, timid, wayward, and fluttering heart, tremblingly anxious to please her reverend, stranger-husband, awed by his majesty, then wearied by the pious austerity of his pursuits, then chilled by his indiscreet exertions of authority, and at last, angered and despairing at the misapprehensions of her artless efforts to please. Now we beg the reader to remember that all this masterly picture is a fiction, and to rid his mind of the pleasing illusion. Our purpose is to substitute for it the facts of sober history, with such reasonable inferences as are obvious. The testimony of Milton's blameless life and of his friends, shows that he was then a man who might well have satisfied the heart of any woman worthy of him, uniting in his person a refined and spiritual beauty of face, with every attribute of manly vigor and grace, grave and self-reliant in temper, without austerity, pious and diligent in his life, yet knowing how to unbend in innocent gayety, and possessing a flow of brilliant and witty conversation. Of his passionate attachment to his lovely wife, there can be no doubt. But she was simply unworthy of him, and incapable of true appreciation of him, a weak and foolish woman, without intellectual resource, and worst of all, evidently inspired by the most malignant influences from her former home. Her parents had sacrificed her at first to interest. But now that the campaign of 1643, was bringing a tide of successes to the Cavalier party, that Waller was defeated, Exeter taken, and Plymouth closely besieged in the West, and all North of York was submissive to the king's forces under the Duke of Newcastle, the Powells senior regretted their Roundhead connexion, and if they did not suggest, evidently encouraged and sanctioned the separation. The next year, when the genius of Cromwell had turned the scales unmistakably against the king, a prospective vision of conquest and confiscations made them conclude, that the connexion was worth preserving; and with a meanness equal to their former injustice, they again urged the unwilling captive back to her matrimonial bondage. When, soon after, the crash of the Cavaliers' fortunes came, they were not too proud to accept the hospitality offered magnanimously by the man they had injured: The whole Powell family removed to his house, and thenceforward lived upon his kindness, parents, sisters, roystering brothers, ten in all, until the death of the father, in 1647. Nothing is known of their fortunes afterwards: except that Mrs. Powell in 1651, sued her late husband's estate for dower; and her petition contained this statement.

"By the law Mrs. Powell might recover her thirds without doubt; but she is so extremely poor, she hath not wherewithal to prosecute; and, besides, Mr. Milton is a harsh and choleric man, and married Mr. Powell's daughter, who would be undone if any such course were

taken against him by Mrs. Powell: he having turned away his wife heretofore for a long space upon some occasion."

So malignant a falsehood, as that contained in the last lines of this charge, reveals sufficiently the character of the mother. She could thus falsify the fact, in order to make her plea against the generous man, to whose kindness, extended to her after the most cruel injury, she had been indebted for rescue from destitution! It is not surprising, that the weak daughter of such a mother should misbehave.

The households of cultivated Puritans, like Milton, were by no means the abodes of that conventual austerity imputed to them by the opposite party. In truth their style of manners, instead of being made up of rigid cant and mortification of the flesh, was just what now distinguishes that christian gentry, which is the glory of modern England; a union of rational cheerfulness with evangelical sobriety and purity of morals. The house of Milton was, indeed, a stranger to that dissipated revel, which the cavaliers loved to maintain, as their protest against the sobriety of their enemies. Its master was comparatively a poor, and a diligent man, maintaining his family by the humble labors of a school, and much occupied by his studies. But his home was brightened by elegant society of lettered men, by music, and by occasional holidays, in which he resigned himself with *abandon* to innocent mirth and frolic. His nephew, Philips, relates that once in three weeks or a month, he was accustomed to devote a day to thorough relaxation, when his house was enlivened by the gayest young men of his literary acquaintance.

It is evident from her voluntary separation, and contemptuous conduct, that Milton's wife then had no true love for him: and after the novelty of the wedding feast, she found her heart vacant. The hours of solitude, while her husband was toiling in those labors which were winning bread, raiment, and honorable estate for her, were neither lightened by any intellectual resources, nor sweetened by that motive which renders delightful even the humblest cares for a beloved object.—She sighed for the gallantry, the flattery, the amusements of her former home: she disliked her husband's principles, which she had been taught to regard as treasonable: she resolved, at all hazard, to return to her former license.—Unfortunately, the method she used to effect this purpose, compounded of deceit and disobedience, was the most unfortunate that could have been chosen for a man of Milton's temperament.

Every reader of sensibility will appreciate the combined mortification, anger, and anguish which Milton felt, when he ascertained this wilful purpose. Conceive of the soul which was capable of those matchless visions of feminine excellence, which he has embodied in his Eve unfallen; a soul which had been, through fifteen years of manhood, worshiping in secret, with a burning adoration, at the shrine of this ideal. Conceive of the wealth of love which such a soul would pour out, when it imagined its divinity was found, impersonated in a consenting, loving woman. Conceive the gigantic power of emotion in that nature, which was capable of describing the despair of Satan, and the remorse of the fallen pair in the Paradise Lost, when his heart was pierced through its master passion. Even the desire to protract her absence from him causelessly, exhibited in his wife's request for the return to Oxfordshire, was a sting to his heart, whose keenness only a passionate love can understand. While both gallantry, and pride, would prompt him to grant it, and to conceal

the pain of granting it; the mere fact that his bride so eagerly sought her preferred gratification in absence from him, would be a rankling wound to his heart: For, was it not a revelation to him of the fact which is most damning to the lover, that the treasure of love he is lavishing is not requited? Did it not teach him that she was incapable of appreciating, or else did not value, his devotion? He would ask himself; "Could *I* spring so joyously towards that temporary separation, which was to leave her solitary and widowed in our common home, to bear all its working-day cares unaided, and to pine for my return? Could I much enjoy any delights of other joys, or scenes, or friends, when thus dashed by the absence of her, whose participation and communion is the prime element of all my happiness?" And the generous emphasis with which his heart answered: 'No, never,' was but the more deadly revelation to him of the fact, that his love was not prized by her. To this was added the sting of passion deprived of its object, and of desire unfulfilled, continued so long, and so cruelly, that his soul grew morbid under it. And when the whole was crowned by a contemptuous rejection and high act of conjugal disobedience, it was not unnatural that he should yield to a tide of indignation. He was reminded moreover, that during this year, 1643, Oxford was the headquarters of the Royalist army, and the seat of the King's military court; whence it was very obvious, that the country house of a jovial cavalier like Mr. Powell, adorned with sundry blooming daughters, could not fail to be the resort of the young officers of that party.—So that the anguish of disappointed love in Milton was enhanced by this picture: That his wife had deserted him and her own duties for the flatteries and coquetries of a relaxed military society; and that, the society of his mortal enemies. His self-respect combined to convince him that he owed it to himself to teach the culprit that she could not thus stab his heart and his credit, at once, with impunity. He resolved to repudiate her finally.

Mary Powell is far from being either the first or the last bride, who has thoughtlessly made shipwreck of her own and her husband's happiness, by measures such as those with which her separation began. Many other men who, at marriage, had dedicated themselves with ardent faith to the happiness of their wives, have been cruelly awakened from their dreams of mutual and blissful devotion by similar acts of heedlessness, excused under the plea of a girlish home-sickness. Some have sought refuge, at such times, from the sting of neglect and unfulfilled desire, in the pursuits of ambition or mammon: some in other friendships; and not a few in sensuality. Either way, the annihilation of true conjugal union is equally complete; for the wayward bride finds, by the time the cares and burdens of married life begin to close upon her shoulders in good earnest, that her causeless absences have taught her husband that most unfortunate lesson, so bitter to him in the learning, but so surely retained by him when once learned; to seek and find his interests and sufficient enjoyments, apart from her. Thenceforward, amidst the wearying round of toils and sorrows which entangle the mistress and another, she will often sigh in vain for that priceless, but sensitive union of soul, which was once hers, and was so lightly lost.

But Milton's soul was too virtuous to seek solace for its anguish in drunkenness or debauchery, and too lofty to find it in the pursuits of wealth. His reverence for the law of God was too profound to allow him to think of the so-

lace of domestic love, save in conformity with the divine legislation. Hence, the resort to which he turned was characteristic at once of his principles and his determined temper. Instead of turning aside to indemnify himself for his disappointment of connubial bliss, in sensuality, or covetousness; he set himself to study anew the conditions under which God has placed the marriage tie. The result was his four essays upon Divorce, the first of which, entitled "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," was dedicated to the Parliament and the Westminister Assembly, and published in 1644. This being universally reprobated, he followed it with three other treatises, his "Judgment of Martin Bucer," touching Divorce, "Tetrachordon," and "Colasterion," the latter two published in 1645. In these works, he stoutly, and doubtless, honestly, maintained that the scriptural rules authorize divorce not only for criminal infidelity, but also for such incurable incompatibility, as permanently and wholly prevented the ends of marriage. Such, and no other, was the departure of Milton from the belief of other christians, in these famous treatises. His views were rejected by the parliament, and solemnly condemned by the Westminister Assembly of Divines; in both of which bodies Presbyterian opinions were then omnipotent.

But while we concur with them in reprobating Milton's proposed amendment, as unscriptural, and of most dangerous tendency; it would be gross injustice to him to represent it as a taint upon his own personal character. Both God's law, and social experience concur in teaching us to guard the permanence and sacredness of the marriage tie, with most jealous care; as being at the very foundation of all public and private virtue. And the wisdom of inspiration plainly appears, in omitting the deceitful plea of "incompatibility;" under which every license of guilty caprice would claim to rank. But it must be said, in excuse of Milton, that his provocation was as violent as his guilty wife could have made it, short of the actual crime of unchastity; that he was evidently impelled to his erroneous doctrine by no impulse towards vagrant license, but by honest indignation; that throughout the misery and denunciations of the period, he continued to live irreproachably; and that he everywhere condemns illicit and loose connexions, as sternly as other moralists; while the theoretical sincerity of his views is evinced by his continuing the defence of his opinion, as keenly as ever, after his own grievance was removed by his voluntary reception of his wife to his bosom.

But this distressing topic did not so exclude public interests from his mind, as to prevent his publishing in 1644 his "Letter of Education," in which he detailed his own method; and his unrivalled plea for liberty of thought, entitled by him "Areopagitica," or "A Speech for Unlicensed Printing." In 1645, he published a collection of his minor poems, containing, with others, his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, these peerless gems of descriptive verse.

Meantime the ruin of the king's affairs, with the rumor that Milton was contemplating a second marriage, brought the delinquent spouse, and her parents, to see the difficulty with him in another light. They sought a reconciliation, by the aid of Milton's friends; who appeared to have been anxious to heal his domestic breach. Mrs. Milton came to London, and resorting to the house of one of his relatives, where he frequently visited, awaited her opportunity, and cast herself unexpectedly at his feet. Astonishment and resentment soon gave place to reviving affection. The result was

a hearty and permanent re-union, which lasted till Mrs. Milton's death in 1652. She bore Milton three daughters, his only surviving children. He had now been overtaken by total blindness ; but this rather prompted, than prevented a second marriage. After a proper interval, he took Catharine Woodcock, daughter of a Puritan family, and every way suited, by talents and character, to her noble husband. She died within a year, in giving birth to a daughter ; and her husband paid a touching tribute to her memory in a stately sonnet. It was only during her short married life that the poet realized his ideal of domestic bliss. After many years of widowhood, he was induced by his helpless condition to marry his third wife, Elizabeth Minshul. This was rather a marriage of convenience, than of affection ; and the most that can be said of the lady, is that she was an attentive nurse, to the old man, and a severe mistress to his motherless children.

We now return to his literary history. Many things occurred during the civil war to alienate Milton from the Presbyterians. The Westminster Assembly of Divines had strongly condemned his "Doctrine of Divorce," and had procured his reprimand therefor, at the bar of the House of Lords. Their preachers had denounced his opinions from the pulpit, and Rev. Joseph Caryl, one of their divines, had replied to them in a learned book. They also disclosed as thorough an opposition as the Episcopalians themselves, to republicanism and independency, when they gained the chief power; and showed that they were not likely to grant to the sectaries or the democrats, that absolute liberty of printing and worship, which Milton claimed alike for all. He therefore transferred his allegiance to the rising fortunes of the independent party, headed by Cromwell. This faction having gained the Army, having expelled the Presbyterian members of the Commons, and having abolished the House of Lords, proceeded to try and execute the King. This act Milton defended in a publication, which he entitled the "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," in which he argued against the Presbyterians, from the extreme premises of the English Republicans. When the government of the Protector was established, he was rewarded for his revolutionary zeal, by the post of Latin Secretary, with a handsome salary. Cromwell, disdaining to use the languages of his neighbors, in diplomatic intercourse, resolved to employ the Latin tongue ; and selected Milton, the most accomplished Latinist in Europe, to conduct his foreign correspondence. In this capacity, he was the author of numerous State-papers. But it was not only in foreign despatches that the Government employed his pen. Upon the appearance of the *Eikon Basilike*, ascribed to the late King, he was employed to write a reply, which he entitled *Eikonoklastes*. His most famous productions were his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, and the replications which grew out of it. Charles the Second, then a fugitive in Holland, had hired Salmasius to attack the Government of Cromwell for the death of the King, in a learned book, which was thought of sufficient moment to require a formal and able answer. The reply of Milton, with the pieces in which he continued the controversy, were marked by his elegant Latinity, lofty eloquence, and caustic satire. The Government repaid this labor, with the gift of a thousand pounds, but it cost the author his eye-sight. Physicians warned him that his vision, already much impaired, would not endure the task ; but he replied, that blindness itself should not deter him from the performance of his duty. In 1655, he pub-

lished in Latin "Reasons for the war with Spain." The death of Oliver Cromwell foreshadowed the early fall of the Commonwealth. This prospect rekindled Milton's controversial zeal; and he wrote a number of pieces in favor of the faction whose fall was now inevitable. Just before the Restoration, he was dismissed from his office, and went into retirement. Upon the King's return, his friends judged it necessary for him to secrete himself from his revenge: but among the few virtues which Charles the Second could claim, was placability; and the prosecutions for treason were limited to the regicides. Milton's reply to Salmasius, was, by order of Parliament, burned by the common hangman, but the author was allowed quietly to evade pursuit.

Milton was now fifty-two years old; he was entirely blind; his health was infirm; his estate nearly all gone; and his party hopelessly ruined. The principles, to whose advocacy he had devoted his prime, were subjects of universal reprobation. His soul was too lofty to change its professions to suit the times, and there was no party, in church or state, which he approved. He seems therefore to have withdrawn within himself, with a species of haughty disgust, and henceforth he had no relations with mankind, except in the common domain of literature. We are told that after the Restoration, he never entered a church for worship, never participated in any of the public ceremonies of christianity, observed no family worship in his own house, and, so far as others could perceive, had no stated season of secret prayer. His christianity was maintained only by secret exercises. He now returned to the Muses, his first loves; and in circumstances which would have consigned a less heroic soul to apathy or despair; he addressed himself afresh to what he had before proposed as his life's work, the composition of his great poems. The general reader is doubtless more familiar with the figure of the author, during this period of his life; as he appeared in his humble house in Bunhill Row, blind, pale, gouty, listening to the reading of the great masters at such time as he could procure a reader from among his visitors or his daughters, playing some sacred melody upon his organ, conversing placidly with his literary friends: and dictating a few lines of some immortal poem to his wife or friend, when he arose from his bed at morning. Thus were produced the Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Sampson Agonistes. His other literary enterprizes were the editing of two unpublished works of Sir Walter Raleigh, and of some of his own minor pieces, with a Latin Grammar and Dictionary, or *Thesaurus*. The last, a work of vast labor and learning, was left at his death too imperfect for publication; and the MS is lost to view. One more occupied his leisure, a Body of Divinity, in Latin; which he committed to his friend, Cyriac Skinner. This work was probably swept unnoticed into the State Paper Office, along with the confiscated papers of Mr. Skinner: and after lying there unknown almost two centuries, was unearthed and printed in our own age, as a literary curiosity. The life of Milton thus passed quietly away, in a decent and dignified poverty, until 1674; when he died of gout, and was buried, without monument, in St. Giles' Church.

In his intellectual character, Milton was essentially *an antique*. Although more learned than any man in England, in all the polite languages and literature of modern Europe, it was by the models of classic antiquity that he chiefly formed his taste and style, and from their light his genius chiefly delighted to refresh its beams. His industry had mastered the whole stores of ancient learning

and imagery. The numbers of his verse were attuned, as nearly as one might, who sang in a Teutonic tongue, to the melody of the Greek; and his grand imagination was so imbued with the graceful and imposing images of the ancient mythology and tradition, that he has clothed his thoughts in profuse draperies of classic figure and allusion. As none could have written his greater works, except a profound classic; so none can truly appreciate or enjoy them, but a well trained student of antiquity. At every instant, the author either introduces an antique simile, or metaphor, or illustration; or else sprinkles his style with elegant and refined allusions, which betray the wealth of his literary treasures.

This strong classic bent, with the peculiarities of Milton's native temper, also explains many of his ecclesiastical and political opinions. His mind was as manifestly self-reliant, impatient of dictation, and passionately devoted to liberty of thought, as his powers were great. When he selected the word "Iconoclast," as the title of his reply to the *Eikon Basilike*, he unconsciously characterized with perfect accuracy, his intellectual nature. He was by constitution of soul, *an Idol-breaker*, delighting with a grand scorn in demolishing every principle which had improperly usurped a place in the reverence of the unthinking. He felt a native scorn of the bondage of prescription and authority, with an overweaning confidence in the ability of the enlightened human reason as a guide to truth. And then, the phase of his opinions was that of an ancient Greek or Roman Republican. His theory of human right was formed rather upon the philosophic speculations of the academy and the scholastics, than upon the practical lessons of British history. His politics were rather those of a Christianized Plato or Plutarch, than of a Somers or Halifax: instead of striving for the inherited franchises of the Briton, which had been proved by the actual history of the people to be practicable and valuable, he was ever dreaming of an Utopian republic, in which absolute human right should be fully realized. His reverence for the inspiration and authority of the holy Scriptures ever remained a broad mark of distinction between himself and the French Revolutionists of the next, and of our centuries; and he was, to that extent, a safer and wiser statesman; but the pursuit of classic models had produced in him the same unpractical and dangerous principles, which afterwards were fully expanded by them. The influence of the classic spirit was also seen in Milton's religious history. We believe that where this spirit becomes exclusive and dominant, it exerts a subtle influence against christianity. Its atmosphere is, like the classic writers themselves, either latitudinarian or infidel. Glorying in the refinements of a culture merely human, it fosters an overweening confidence in human capacity and perfectibility. The mere fact that, while enriched with all the beauty and wealth of human genius, it is totally devoid of the "one thing needful," the light and spirit of Revelation, renders it as dangerous as it is seductive to the soul of its exclusive devotee. Belief in the christian Scriptures was indeed too deeply rooted in Milton's understanding, to be unsettled; and his taste was too true and noble ever to cease to avow and feel the transcendent grandeur of the poetic elements of the Hebrew literature, above the classic. Hence, he did not become infidel. And his latest tasks, and the most loved, were to employ the vast stores of his classic lore, to adorn the more majestic images of the oriental traditions. But the malign influence of a godless and pagan atmosphere were seen in the

overclouding of his faith and grace, in the hour of trial. His christianity did not endure the stern test of adversity like that of his great contemporary, Richard Baxter. Instead of being ennobled and sublimated by persecution and disappointment, it became morose; he separated himself from all outward communion with the people of God; and refused to them, and to his country, that imperative tribute, most obligatory upon the greatest, of a hearty support to the visible institutions of christianity.

One of the purposes announced by us at the beginning of this article, was to show in some instances how much light and interest the personal history of an author may be made to throw upon his literary productions.—It is only when we have been permitted to lift the veil of his own private life, and to know what were the passions, and the joys, and the sorrows, which constituted the realities of his own existence, that we are prepared to comprehend the creations of his art. For, we may be assured that the poet is only enabled to clothe his creations in the flaming drapery of true genius, by having lived his own drama or epic, in his own soul. Thus it is said that Luther explained the power of his commentary on Galatians, by declaring that he wrote it out of his own heart. The Pilgrim's Progress presents, in its ghostly allegory, the spiritual warfare and triumphs of Bunyan's own soul.—And the gloomy passion which is the true element of greatness in Childe Harold, is but the bitter record of Lord Byron's own remorse and misanthropy.

Space only permits one instance from Milton, in illustration of these remarks; and we take it from his estimates and descriptions of woman. It has been already remarked that, as the relation of the sexes is rudimental to man's social existence, the sentiments which govern in that relation, are the most profound in man's soul. Now, he is most truly the man of genius, in whom the generic life of his species is most thoroughly developed, in all its parts. In other words, the man of genius is the specimen-man: he presents each of the native forces which characterize humanity, in its fullest exercise. We should therefore be prepared to see this rudimental sentiment, the profound appreciation of the true woman, most powerfully developed in the most gifted men. And if one is found, like Milton, of sensitive, reserved, recluse temperament, this trait will be found, for that reason, only the more deeply inwrought in him. If he is more chary of his sacrifices at the shrine of any actual mistress, it is only because his heart is paying a higher and more constant homage to its own ideal. Our poet's unmatched creations of feminine character show that this is a correct estimate of his own secret sentiments. If it has been his task to paint the folly and fall of our first mother, it has also been his honor to embody in inimitable numbers, the purest, sweetest and noblest conceptions of woman, which adorn any literature outside of the Scriptures. His earliest great work, the "Mask of Comus," written while the visions of his fancy were as yet uncontradicted by experience, is peculiar for its pictures of the mild majesty of feminine virtue. The Lady of the Mask first appears, amidst the trepidation of her wandering from the brothers, reüssuring herself thus:

"These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,
The virtuous mind: that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,

Thou hovering angel, girt with golden
wings,
And thou, unblemished form of chastity."

When the younger brother is tortured with fears for her safety, the elder composes them, by reminding him of the power of chastity:

"She who has that, is clad in complete
steel;
And like a quivered Nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests and unharbored heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy, perilous wilds;
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity."
* * * * * *
"Hence had the huntress, Dian, her dread bow,
Fair, silver shafted queen, forever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness,
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid."

And when the Lady is entrapped by Comus, unsupported by every friend, bewildered by the seductive and terrifying *chimeras* which the foul wizard conjured around her, enticed by his Circean cup, threatened by his lust and malice, assailed by his sophistical persuasions, she sits, although a captive, impregnable in her purity of soul; until the potent enchanter is discomfited and overwhelmed, in the midst of his hosts, by the simple power of meek, maidenly virtue. The poet, with a philosophy as true as beautiful, makes the wisdom of her pure heart an overmatch for all the subtleties of his fiendish wit.—And the guardian Spirit concludes the story of her deliverance, with this moral:

"Mortals, that would follow me,
Love virtue: She alone is free.
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

Let us pass next to that matchless creation of the perfect ideal woman, the Eve of the Paradise Lost. The passages in which she is painted are too well known to need recital. After the narrative given of Milton's life, it requires no violence of inference to believe that when, an old, disappointed, and blind man, he composed those familiar lines of the 8th Book, in which Adam describes to Raphael his first vision of his future spouse,

"——adorned
With what all earth or heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: on she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker though unseen,
And guided by his voice; nor uninformed
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites;
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

he was but recalling from his own memory, the ineffaceable image of Mary Powell, as she looked upon him on that May morning in Oxfordshire, radiant with the glories which his own regal imagination projected upon her figure. The picture which he then draws of conjugal bliss, the most glowing at once, and the purest which has ever been delineated, is doubtless but the reproduction of his own joys during his short possession of his only true partner, his Catharine, enhanced by the power of his own fancy. We need not suppose her person endowed with that material beauty, which so deceitfully decked the body of his first mistaken choice. Blindness had ere this, hidden all this from his eye; but only to cause it to glow more serenely before the vision of his soul. As he so tenderly and gracefully suggests this fact, in the sonnet by which she is commemorated:

"*Her face was veiled;* yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined."

It is well known that blind men, by a beautiful law of association, establish for themselves an undoubting conception of the features and countenances of those they love, from the gentleness and melody of their voices, and the softness of their steps, and from that indefinable but most real *aura* of sweetness and grace, palpable to no one bodily sense, but felt by the heart, which floats around the true loving woman.—What though this conception is, in the judgment of the mere material sense, erroneous? To the blind lover it is most real and truthful. Immaterial though it be, and visionary in the judgment of gross fools, this beauty will be found actual and imperishable, in that heavenly reünion, where the vain charms of the sinful flesh are dust and ashes.

Once more, the reader can scarcely fail to see, in the picture of Eve prostrate at Adam's feet after her fall, Mary Powell, suddenly appearing in her husband's presence in London, and embracing his knees, while she besought to be taken back to his heart.

"Soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress;
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid;
As one disarmed, his anger all he lost,
And thus, with peaceful words, upraised her soon."

It has been very preposterously inferred that the language of contemptuous suspicion and detestation, in which Milton makes his Adam spurn Eve in the first moment of his phrensy, and in which Sampson Agonistes repels Dalila, when assured of her bottomless treachery, gives us the author's true estimate of woman. It is forgotten that he here, as a true artist, makes his heroes feel and speak in character. It would be just as reasonable to conclude that because he puts into Adam's mouth, at another place, expressions of engrossing and almost idolatrous admiration for his spouse, which provoke the mild reproof of Raphael, therefore these give us Milton's settled and deliberate estimate of female excellence. This would be preposterous; for it would represent him as claiming perfection for imperfect creatures; and the answer again is, that the author here makes his hero speak in character. If we may venture any surmise as to the place in which Milton intends to express his own deliberate sentiment, it is obviously the close, where Adam, recovering himself from his despair and rage, and penitently recognizing his own equal share in the guilt, leads forth his weeping wife, with a tenderness, no longer blind and idolatrous, but more deep and self-denying than the rapture of the days of Eden.

Some again have supposed that Milton betrays his depreciation of woman, in those allusions to the inferiority of her powers and position, beside man's, which find place even in Adam's most passionate praises. But it is forgotten, that the author's undertaking was to write a Scriptural Epic. All was to be conformed to biblical ideas. In these expressions he is but adopting the uniform representations of prophets and apostles. And it must be remembered that in his day, the perverse and monstrous fantasies of "women's rights," had not been heard of.—All speakers and writers, females as much as men, recognized the woman, without question, as "the weaker vessel." Had Milton written otherwise, he would have been, in in his age, unintelligible and absurd.

OUR DEAD.

Do we weep for the heroes who died for us?
Who, living, were true and tried for us,
And, in death, sleep side by side for us?
The Martyr-band
That hallowed our Land,
With the blood they poured in a tide for us?

Ah! fearless on many a day for us,
They stood in the front of the fray for us,
And held the foeman at bay for us:
Fresh tears should fall
Forever—o'er all
Who fell while wearing the Grey for us.

How many a glorious Name for us!
How many a story of Fame for us
They left!—would it not be a shame for us?
—If their memory part
From our Land and Heart,—
And a wrong to them and a blame for us?

No,—no,—no,—they were brave for us,
And bright were the lives they gave for us;
The Land they struggled to save for us
Cannot forget
Its warriors yet,
Who sleep in so many a grave for us.

No,—no,—no,—they were slain for us,
And their blood flowed out in a rain for us,
Red, rich and pure on the plain for us;
And years may go
But our tears shall flow
O'er the Dead who have died in vain for us.

And their deeds—proud deeds—shall remain for us—
And their Names—dear names—without stain for us,
And the glories they won shall not wane for us:
In Legend and Lay
Our heroes in Grey,
Though dead—shall live over again for us.

Knoxville, Tenn., March 1, 1867. MOINA.

A SKETCH OF MAJ. GEN. P. R. CLEBURNE.

PATRICK R. CLEBURNE, deserves a prominent place among the great heroes, who have illustrated Southern heroism and Southern history. His name brings a thrill of the heart to every true son of the South, just as his presence brought success wherever he moved on the field of battle.

"*Cleburne is here!*" meant that "all was well." Where he was, no masses of the enemy could break his lines, no matter how impetuous their attack or fearful the odds. When he led a column, its onslaught was irresistible and never failed to carry the opposing lines —save at one point only, and there is the grave of the Stonewall of the Western Army, and his devoted division.

It is not the intention of the writer of this article to give a history of P. R. Cleburne's life previous to the beginning of the past war; for of that he is ignorant in the main; nor of the achievements of Maj. Gen. P. R. Cleburne during the war, for that is a part of the history of the short lived Southern Confederacy, written in the stricken hearts of all her mourning sons and daughters. But we propose to give to the world some few incidents in the life of this remarkable man, that might be otherwise consigned to undeserved oblivion, yet which give indications of character, that may be considered of interest sufficient to merit a place among the chronicles of the "LAND WE LOVE."

Gen. Cleburne was rather above than under the medium height, perhaps five feet ten or eleven inches—sparely made, growing thinner as the war progressed, with the constant wear of a mind and body unceasingly restless. He had a grey eye of very changeful expression, sometimes as cold and dead as that of a fish, yet when excited, it flashed like a broadsword. His hair that was originally black became very gray before the close of the war, and being closely cropped, it stood above his forehead in bristly individuality. High cheek bones with thin lower visage, a rather sallow complexion, with but little beard, and remarkably large ears; with long limbs and heavy emphatic steps in walking, he was not one who in appearance or manners would have graced the boudoir or the ball-room. He could have been but little over forty years old, at the time of his death. His accent would at any time have betrayed his nativity, but when giving emphatic orders on the field, the harsh rolling of his *R*s was sometimes startling. Not one of his soldiers but can recall the peculiar intonation given to his command "*For-ward* MAR-R-R-C-H!" the first word, being syllabled with remarkable distinctness, while the latter was given with the broadest brogue imaginable. Nor can we forget his truly Irish rendering (*bar-r-r-'l*) of the word "barrel" when lecturing his class of officers on the rifle, its parts, uses, &c. The loss of two front teeth (carried away by a minnie ball at the battle of Richmond, Ky.,) gave his voice a hissing sound, when speaking hurriedly or angrily, that was peculiarly unpleasant. Habitually thoughtful and grave, he was considered cold and repellant in manner by those, who only met him in his official capacity; but to his intimate friends, he was genial and pleasant in conversation; with, at times, a real sparkling of Irish wit and humor that would bring the hearty laugh from auditors responsive to his rather grim smile.

The writer recalls a broad laugh of Gen. C's. at a witticism of his always warm friend and admirer, Lieut. Gen. W. J. Hardee. Owing to Gen. C's methodical habits and military precision of movements, his division was always last of "Hardee's Corps" to arrive on the drill-field, for which reason, Gen Hardee gave him the *sobriquet* of "the *late* Gen. Cleburne."

While Gen. Jos. E. Johnston's army lay at Dalton, Ga., and "Cleburnes's Division" occupied the advance at Tunnel Hill, the writer was on one occasion at "Division Headquarters," in familiar conversation with Gen. C. and one of his staff, when he (Gen. C.) chanced to make some very apropos quotation from a well known poet. On an expression of surprise that he should be so familiar with what, we supposed he considered a very useless branch of literature, he rather thoughtfully remarked: "All my knowledge of this character of reading was acquired during a six or eight months confinement to the large hospital near Gravesend, England."

In reply to the interogation rather expressed in our faces than spoken, he went on to say:

"Like a good many others of my unfortunate countrymen, after crossing the channel to better my fortune, I found that more difficult than I had imagined, so I was compelled to accept the usual *dernier resorte* and join the British army, when I was about twenty-two years old." He here added a good deal of information relative to the English army, its drills, discipline, &c., that cannot be recalled to mind, but of himself he said: "I was at one time promoted, for good conduct, to the rank of corporal. *I was prouder of that corporal's commission than of that of Maj. General.* But disgraceful to tell, I was cashiered and reduced to the ranks."

Of course, we expressed the utmost anxiety to know the cause of his disgrace. With pretended reluctance, and with the remark that his "experience might prove of benefit to us," he related the circumstance as follows:

"My regiment had been ordered out for drill *with knapsacks* (he then enumerated the various articles that the army regulations required to be kept in the knapsack from overcoat to blacking-brush.) As I had been unwell for several days, I disliked very much to carry through a fatiguing drill, a knapsack weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds, so I thought I would substitute my pillow for the usual contents, and went thus upon drill. What was my consternation while drilling to hear the command, '*Inspection knapsacks!*' There was no help for it; the pillow was found and I was a corporal no longer."

He afterwards went on to state of his earlier army life, that, "from exposure during inclement weather, I was afflicted with severe rheumatism, which amounted to paralysis of one side; and it was while in this condition, having access to the large library attached to the hospital that I indulged a taste for the British poets, that I had hitherto no time to gratify. After remaining about three years in the army, through the exertions of influential friends, I procured my discharge, which was written on parchment, and on the lower margin, in the space left for statement of character, was written, 'A GOOD SOLDIER.' This discharge I have carefully kept from that day to this, and feeling proud of the endorsement of my officers *then*, have tried to maintain the same character throughout the *present war*."

We give the above conversation entire, and as nearly in the words used as our memory will allow, since it presents an interesting episode in the earlier part of a

life that has since become immortal.

There was no man in the Southern army, who labored so idefatigably for the benefit and improvement of the troops under his command. His regiment, (the 1st, Arkansas afterwards the 15th) while under his command was perhaps the best drilled in the "Army of Tennessee.;" so with his brigade, and afterwards his division. Whenever his command was positively not in motion, he required of his subordinate officers to keep up a constant course of drill, discipline, and study. He, himself, while the army lay at Wartrace, Chickamauga, Dalton, and elsewhere, had his daily recitations, at which each Brigadier General and field officer in his division was compelled to attend. The writer has in his mind some vivid pictures of the school-boy-like group of scarred veterans collecting around the school-house near Dalton (built by Gen. C's order for this express purpose) eagerly scanning "Hardee," or the "III vol. Scott's Light Inf. Tactics" for the lesson announced the day previous. What an "eloquent silence" when "General Pat" would request, "gentlemen, take your seats." His brig. generals nearest him—a quartette of lieutenants every way worthy their noble captain—Govan, mild-spoken and courteous, every inch a gentleman and soldier—the stately Granbury, as large of heart as of frame, the most noble type of the Texas soldier—Polk, (the nephew of the Bishop) handsome, dashing and brave, regardless alike of the lesson or the mild reproof of his chief—lastly, the parson-soldier, Lowry, he who could pray with his men all night, and next day lead them where the fight was thickest.

We have heard it intimated that "Cleburne's division would have made the reputation of any man that commanded it;" which remark perhaps had some truth in it, but it was also true that Gen. Cleburne *made* his division what it was. It was his constant education of it, in every department of duty that mainly contributed to its uniform success.

He instituted, or originated the secret order (approximating the order of the "Cincinnati" of the old revolution) known as the order of the "Comrades of the Sourthen Cross," which, though partially philanthropic in its object, was intended mainly to bind together as one man the soldiers of the Southern army, obligating themselves to stand by each other, and never to desert their comrades in distress, or the cause of their country in any adversity, while she maintained an organized opposition to threatened tyranny.—Gen. Cleburne attributed the valor of his troops mainly to the effect of his organization. He, at one time, remarked to the writer: "Had this order been disseminated throughout the Southern army, they could march to the Ohio river without a check." Such would be the effect of unity of purpose and "exalted oneness of action" among the oath-bound members of this order.

In connection with the name of this order, it may be in place to state the fact, perhaps not generally known, that "Cleburne's division" never fought under the flag of the "Southern Cross;" but retained the original blue battle flag with white moon in the centre, adopted originally by Gen. Hardee, previous to the battle of Shiloh. The union of the Confederate flag, the "St. Andrew's Cross," when adopted as the battle-flag of the Confederate armies, was on more than one occasion, brought on parade to be presented to the different regiments of this division, but at the urgent solicitation of the Major General and his entire command, they were allowed to retain their old bullet-

riddled blue flags, *each* of which had earned the significant device of the "crossed cannon inverted," and the name of *every* battle in which they had been engaged. It was indeed a compliment to their Chief and the gallantry of his command, that this division should have been the only one in Confederate service allowed to carry into battle other than the national colors. This azure flag became well known to friends and foes, always clearly defining Cleburne's position in the line.

Though a foreigner by birth, yet no son of our Southern land laid upon her altar a truer, braver heart. No purer fount of patriotism poured its red tide in unavailing flood to save a fallen cause.

THE HAVERSACK.

We wish that the truth of history would allow us to say that the Southern soldiers were always respectful to the chaplains. But it *wont*. One of the Chaplains of Cobb's Legion has given us his melancholy experience with our fun-loving boys. We have known him long and well, and judge that he has softened rather than exaggerated the rough treatment, he received.

On the retreat out of "Maryland, my Maryland," he had lost his horse and all his baggage. But the Colonel of his regiment kindly loaned him a little sore-backed mule, and a part of a saddle. A kind of a bridle was improvised; and to keep the old saddle from hurting the tender back of the animal, the Colonel's bedding or what was left of it, was placed next to the bruised hide of the poor animal. The Chaplain had lost his hat, but an enormous straw sombrero supplied its place, with a rim broad enough and a crown tall enough to have satisfied, even a Mexican peasant. His black coat had been torn in divers and sundry places and all the thorns in the valley of Virginia could not conceal the numerous rents. The Chaplain was a tall, dignified looking man, and when he mounted his diminutive mule, his feet almost touched the ground. He knew very well that the big hat, the torn coat, the ragged saddle, the little mule—all would furnish a fine target for the rebel sharpshooters; but he bravely determined to ride through the ranks, and push his way to the front now become the rear. The mule, however, was of a different way of thinking. He had been taken out of a wagon and was utterly opposed to leaving his companions. A vigorous application of spur and heel started him at last. But the Chaplain found that "ceaseless vigilance was the price" of getting forward, no less than of "liberty." For, if he ceased but a moment to keep his reins equally tight and spur well-applied, muley would wheel suddenly round and dart back to join his lost comrades. The Chaplain had therefore to sit erect and keep his eyes constantly fixed upon his precious charge. He thus became an unresisting victim to all the cutting remarks made upon him. "Mister, how much did you give for your saddle-blanket?" came from one side of the road. "Is that the newest pattern of the M'Clellan saddle?" came from the other. "Does you carry yer mule when he gits tired?"

came from the rear. And now a kindly warning reaches his ear, "thar's a rock in the road, Mister, take keer, you dont *stump* your toe." Again, an inquisitive fellow asks, "Mister, did you leave any straw at the stack whar you got your hat?" The brigade was passed, at length, spite of certain retrograde movements of the little mule, and our Chaplain was congratulating himself on his success, when lo! the rear guard of another command was seen seated by the road side. Just as he had fairly passed this new object of dread, some one cried out, "Mister, please tell me, if you expect to git thar to-night." The affectionate little mule, probably mistaking the voice for the bray of some dear comrade behind, suddenly wheeled round and dashed up to the rear-guard. The Chaplain demanded sternly, "did any of you speak to me?" No reply was made. All looked demure and innocent. The angry Minister made an effort to turn his obstinate animal around once more, and was partly successful, when a reb peeping round the corner of a deserted shanty on the other side of the road, said, "Mister, he axed you, if you 'spected to git thar to-night," "Well, sir," replied the dignified clergyman, "let him ask the question for himself. Once more, I demand did any of you speak to me?" No one seemed to hear, or to evince the least consciousness of his presence. He turned his mule and started off once more, when a pitiful, pleading voice reached his ear, "Mister, *do* please tell me, if you expect to git thar to-night?" The reins were held tightly, the spur applied vigorously and the mule faced about no more.

The great English poet has truly and beautifully said,

> The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring.

In a private conversation, one of the most enthusiastically gallant soldiers of the Confederacy said to us, "my wife and children are stereotyped upon my brain, they seem ever before me." In a few days, this brave, modest, conscientious, christian fell, in the full prime of vigorous manhood. The South had no nobler martyr than Gen'l. G. B. Anderson of North Carolina; no, not one. We met no one with whom we formed a warmer friendship, and few for whom we had a more sincere esteem. May his name be one of honor with our children's children!

The next anecdote comes from Fulton, Mo.

Until the spring of 1862, the Missourians fought in their State organizations and were called "State Guards." Each division was commanded by a brigadier and the whole was under that glorious old chieftain Sterling Price. Gen. J. H. Rains, a gallant soldier, commanded one of the largest of these divisions. In camp, his men were known as "Blackberry Rangers." They were brave and good fighters, but they generally roamed about where they pleased, and took what they needed. On the march South in the winter of 1861, the division of Gen'l. J. B. Clarke Sen'r encamped on a fine farm in Jasper county, Mo. One of the officers waited on the lady of the mansion to make some request. He was kindly received by her and told that the troops should have any thing they needed; but she hoped that the fences would not be burned and that no wanton depredations would be committed. "Dont feel the least uneasy," replied the officer, "these are Clarke's boys. They never jayhawk any. But should old Rains' rabble come by, I would advise you to hide everything of value. They will steal anything from a gable-end to a grind-stone." A flush of indignation overspread the handsome features of the lady, but it was succeeded in a moment

by a merry smile. The officer went off a good deal perplexed about the manner of the unknown lady, Meeting a friend, he asked him who she was, "The lady at the house?" "Yes," "Oh, that is Mrs. Gen'l. Rains!"

N. P. M.

The day before the troops began to leave our right at Richmond in order to cross the Chickahominy and attack McClellan, a strong demonstration was made on the Williamsburg road in order to deceive him. This attack was known with us as the battle of King's School House: in it, the 4th Georgia Regt. under the lamented Doles, was, if our memory is correct, the chief sufferer. Our attack, of course, failed in one sense; but it was successful in another. Gen. McClellan regarded it as a real attack, and as he gained a hundred yards or more of ground, he thought that he had achieved an important success. A former chaplain, Rev. T. W. Hooper, of Christiansburg, Va., has sent us what is believed to be the original of General M's telegram to Washington. It was found among some half-burned papers at the telegraph office at Savage Station, and is in these words:

Redoubt 3d, 4 P. M.—Hon. E. M. Staunton Sec'y. War: The affair is over and we have gained our point fully, and with but little loss, notwithstanding strong opposition.

From this ex-chaplain, we get an incident on the cars.

I was Chaplain at L. in Va., and every other Saturday came up sixty miles on the cars to preach at L. One morning when the train arrived at our Depot, quite a goodly number of Confederates, grey, greasy, and gleesome stepped out on the platform, and one of the party began to look around for some fun. "Well boys," said he, "there are lots of *biled shirts* about here. I wonder if they know that there is a war going on." The cars started, and I having got aboard was walking down the aisle quietly distributing tracts, when this same jolly fellow looked up and said, "here comes a *biled shirt* now." Holding up my right hand, which has no fingers upon it. I assumed a solemn look and said, "Well, my friend, when your right hand shall have become as mutilated as mine, I think that you will have a right to wear a biled shirt too." I never saw a greater change in my life. He looked mortified and ashamed, and then said with deep feeling, "Pardon my folly, sir, I would not for the world, annoy a wounded soldier. Forget my nonsense. I thought that I was joking a citizen. In what battle were you wounded, *comrade*"? I replied, "I never was in a battle. I lost my finger by an accident in my boyhood." The peals of laughter, which followed this disclosure, so discomfited the merry, but sensitive fellow, that I heard nothing more of biled shirts during the balance of my journey.

T. W. H.

Gen. Early alludes in his "History of the Valley Campaign" to the systematic exaggeration of the Confederate forces by "our late enemies." Before leaving the subject of the operations around Richmond, it may be well to speak of the forces which attacked Gen. McClellan, estimated by him at 200,000. A few days before the attack began, Gen. Lee had an interview with four Division Commanders, at his Head-Quarters on the "Nine mile road." The Council was to open at 10 o'clock. Gen. Jackson arrived at half-past nine. He had ridden forty-six miles that morning, by using relays of horses. Gen. Lee wished him to lie down and rest till the other officers came. He said that he was not weary. Refreshments were then offered him, but were

declined. The officers, who met Gen. Lee, were Longstreet, Jackson, A. P. Hill and D. H. Hill. The aggregate strength of their four divisions was 92,000 men, on the rolls. Sickness, wounds, and straggling had reduced this number from a third to a half. Jackson, by his rapid march, had left several thousands behind. The effective strength was less than 60,000. This was the force, which attacked Gen. McClellan on his right, and fought the battle of Gaines' Mill or Cold Harbor. Porter, the Federal Commander, had probably a smaller force. It has always been our opinion that he displayed more ability there than any other Federal General ever did, on any other field. His position was admirably chosen, his troops were skillfully handled, and his retreat was well conducted.

It has been erroneously reported, that there were other officers present with Gen. Lee, at this celebrated Council. So far from that being the case, he enjoined the strictest secrecy upon these four officers. The people of Richmond and the Army did not know of General Jackson's arrival. He started back as soon as the Council broke up, and regained his troops that night. A wonderful instance of endurance in a man of feeble constitution.

Columbia, Mo., gives an anecdote of a bare-footed rebel, who was desirous to supply himself with an article regarded as indispensable to foot-soldiers.

At the battle of Wilson Creek, the Missouri State troops under General Price were a ragged, barefooted, set of fellows. As they had to march over rough, rocky roads, their great desire was to get something to protect their swollen, and blistered feet. When the battle was at its highest, a tall read-headed fellow, from the central part of the State, advand beyond the line to get free from the smoke and see to make a better shot. He aimed with great deliberation at a particular man, similarly advanced, and when he saw his man fall, he cried out in great glee, "them's my shoes"! Ever after that, "them's my shoes" was the battle-cry of the Missouri soldiers.

W. S. Pratt.

During the war, we were sometimes afflicted with a class of couriers, who had *horses*, which became uncontrollable when the firing began. We accordingly applied at Petersburg to a gallant Colonel of South Carolina cavalry, for couriers with manageable horses. He accordingly sent us a squad of troopers saying that "neither the men nor the horses would be restive under fire." This proved to be a true statement of facts, and there was not the slightest ground for complaint against horses or riders. The corporal, in charge of the squad, was somewhat under seven feet in height, and would, probably, have been considered a medium-sized man in Brobdignag. He did not deserve much credit for never being *stampeded;* for no ordinary battle would last long enough, for him to get scared all over. The exigencies of the service called off, in a short time, the regiment to which the couriers belonged, and we parted with them with much regret. We neither saw nor heard anything more of them during the war. Our long friend has, however, survived the war, and sent us a *lengthy* communication from Gowdeysville, S. C., from which we will give some extracts.

If you have not forgotten, General, a long-legged, awkward Corporal, whom you put in charge of your couriers in May 1864, you have not forgotten the writer of this. As is the case with the majority of the cavalry, *I still survive*, after having made many

hair-breadth escapes, and after having had many horses to *fall* under me in action. Though in justice to truth, I must say that the kind of actions, they fell in, were sometimes *stampedes*, and that the falls were oftener caused by want of corn and hay, and loss of *breath*, than loss of *blood*. The time that I was with you, General, was short, but long enough for me to find out one thing, and that was that you had a mighty poor opinion of the cavalry. Now, 'tis said that you are the author of the saying that you "had never seen a dead man with spurs on." But, really, I think that you should give us more credit than is generally given. For if we did'nt kill many Yankees, they did'nt kill many of us, and I reckon that puts us about even. Besides, if we have'nt suffered as much in the flesh as the infantry, we have sufferred more in mind, having been *picketed* and *stampeded* and *scared* and *run* to death. But knowing your opinion of the cavalry, however, I will not say any more. But I hope that during my short stay with you, if I did not give you a tolerable opinion of one of the cavalry, that I, at least, did not fall below the value you set upon them in general. I endeavered to do my duty to your satisfaction, and though my spur did incline on two occasions closer to the flanks of my horse than was comfortable to him, I did not quit the field of honor. Upon the whole, I think that I did pretty well, and you must have thought so too, for you expressed the wish to keep me with you, though I was a cavalryman.

I see that you call in your Magazine for incidents, and anecdotes of the war and that you invite the rank and file to give in their experience, I am not a subscriber, for the best of reasons, I have no money, that best of all earthly friends. But I have the privilege of reading a friend's magazine, which is a very poor way of doing things; and I hope to make a raise one of these days and then I will have one for myself. But whilst waiting for that good day, I will send you some jokes of the war. I am a poor hand at writing, but what I send you will be all true and that may make up for it.

If you remember me at all, you will recollect that I was a monstrous long gangling "Reb." and I don't believe that I am any littler now, though we have been whipped. But I think that I am fixed up a little and look some cleaner, for I did'nt have any soap when I was with you. There were two of us in our company distinguished for tallness. Me, they called "Little Johnnie," and the other fellow, they called "Long Hungry," because his rations were always too *short* for his long stomach. There was not much difference between us, but the boys pretended that I was a monstrous sight the tallest. One day, when we were in camp, we had tents *then*, I got very thirsty and I went round inquiring for water, you may be sure that there was nothing else to drink. Not finding any, I went back to my tent to put on my coat and go for it myself. I had hardly got in, when I heard the boys hallooing "Long Jemmie here's your water." I went out and there the confounded fellows had put "Long Hungry" up a sapling with a canteen in his hand and he was reaching up, as high as he could. The boys shouted out "Long Hungry has some water for you, go there and see if he can reach up to you." There was one disgusted 'Reb.' that day. But I had to bear all sorts of jokes on my height, as though I could help it. Sometimes, they would come to me, look up like they were looking up at the sky and would ask me "is it rain or sun-shine up

there?" "any snow in the sky"? Please, Mister, hand me down a chaw tobacco." All these cuts and many more of the same kind, I had to bear the best way I could.

The soldiers had a practice which they called "shelling," and which was nothing more nor less than teasing everybody they saw, and cracking jokes at them, especially, if citizens. One day on the cars in Virginia, the boys were "shelling" pretty brisk, when a young man with store-clothes on, and a very dirty soldier got on board. The "dandified" citizen was suspected of being an "exempt," and the soldier looked like he had not even seen soap for many a long month. So the boys determined to "shell" both of them. They pretended that they knew the dirty soldier and called him familiarly Jim. Gathering around him, they cried out, "Jim, you've had no soap for two months, there's the very fellow who stole it (pointing to the dandy), don't you see what a nice biled shirt he has got? Now's your time, grab him." It would be hard to tell which looked most sheepish, the soldier or the dandy.

I did try while in the service to be as honest as possible, although I was a cavalryman. I did not do much "pressing" and then only when I was pressed myself by short rations or something of the kind. On one occasion, after the fall of Columbia, our regiment got detached or rather it got lost on the retreat into North Carolina, and we rather went it on our own hook. We had to keep a front and rear guard to prevent a surprise by the enemy. It was my fortune to have command of the rear guard on one occasion, and as I was a full corporal of *long* standing, I determined to establish my Head-Quarters at some house according to the custom of some Generals I know of, so I found the house of a stingy old bachelor, who was living with his sister, who was as stingy as he was. They had plenty of good things, however, and I fared finely. I got into their good graces during the few days we staid there, and I was the best fed corporal in the army. I flattered myself that I was quite a favorite and I was looking for the nicest sort of a parting dinner with the old people. But I didn't get it, and I will tell you why. One of my comrades brought me a nice fat hen, saying, Long Jimmie, please get the old lady to have this chicken cooked for me to carry in my haversack,—I told him that I knew she would have it done with pleasure, and I went to her with the request. But to my surprise, when I showed her the chicken, she got into a great rage and said, "I thought you were a gentleman, but you are nothing but a long-legged rascal. That's my game hen, how dare you kill her and then have the impudence to come to me to get her cooked?" My comrade had played a nice trick upon me, and that was the first and last time I played General, and the ending was not pleasant.

J. W. B.

The next incident comes to us from St. Charles Mo., but as it is not accompanied with a responsible name, we will not give it.—The soldier must send in his name, company and regiment, and be willing to have at least, his initials published. In no other way can we guard against imposition.

We are indebted to the gallant Colonel of the 7th N. C. regiment for an anecdote of an Irish friend, as noble a fellow as ever came from that land of heroes.

Wit and and gallantry are proverbially characteristic of the Irish and are only excelled by their generosity and magnanimity. As a general rule all of that race in Dixie discharged their duty faithfully, from the immortal P. R. Cleburne, the real hero of the Western army, to the most ob-

secure private in the ranks. Your efforts, Mr. Editor, to preserve Irish wit and Irish heroism, are known and appreciated by the country.

An instance intensely Irish was related to me last winter, on undoubted authority, and as it is too good to be lost, please *embalm* it in the Haversack.

Captain Charley McCann, an Irishman by birth and a Virginian by adoption, better known to you and the Army of Northern Virginia as "Pat" McCann, established an enviable reputation for dash and gallantry on many a bloody field. He served first as a scout, and next as a Staff-officer; but he was always more proud of his laurels won in the humbler capacity.

In the advance upon Plymouth, N. C., he commanded a detachment of scouts, until relieved by two Federal balls. He was carried to the elegant and hospitable mansion of Mrs. J——, who was the mother of two lovely daughters. Pat was considered mortally wounded and every attention was lavished upon him by the ladies. About 11 o'clock at night, his pulse began to sink and it was accompanied by apparent unconsciousness and other symptoms of a speedy dissolution. One of the young ladies seated by the bed whispered to her mother, "the Captain is dying." Imagine her surprise, when the supposed dying officer gazing in her lovely face said, "please, Miss, retire and get a good night's rest. Don't trouble yourself about me, I am in far greater danger of falling in love than of dying"!

The gallant Captain though wounded some half dozen times has survived them all, even his *heart disease* at Plymouth. He is now living in Baltimore. He deserved the *yellow sash*. W. L. D.

Our next incident comes from Boston, Massachusetts! Who can doubt our loyalty any longer, when we are in correspondence with that loyal and rebel-hating city, which has never nurtured and fostered more than three or four rebellions of its own. The testimony of our correspondent accords with the experience of Southern soldiers in Northern prisons. He states that when he was in the hands of soldiers, he was well-treated, but that it was otherwise when guarded by local militia. We have heard a gallant Major say that when he was guarded by the command of a wounded officer, he was humanely treated; but every barbarity was practiced by "prison-guards" and such like trash. Our only hope of the restoration of good feeling is through the influence of the earnest, honest, fighting men of the two opposing sections. The malignants are those, who kept out of harm's way, when bullets were flying. To this sentiment, echo answers "spoons"! We will give extracts from the Boston letter, in the words of our correspondent.

A few days after the battle of Chancellorsville, Col. Stevens of the Federal Army, and myself were in an hospital, as prisoners of war. The Colonel was mortally wounded and was kindly cared for by our brothers in grey. I can never forget the kindness that was extended to us, especially by the chaplain of the gallant 3d N. C., the Rev. Geo. Patterson (Paddison, we presume). This gentleman prayed for us and read to us out of the book of life, and did all that he could to comfort us. Col. Stevens soon died, and as much respect was shown to his remains as could be expected under the circumstances. Some days after the burial, Mr. Stevens, the father of the Colonel, came for his body. In answer to a question, Mr. Stevens said that he was from Massachusetts. Mr. Patterson

shook him by the hand and said, "I was born in Boston, Massachusetts, my father is a native of Greece. I have an aged and widowed mother in Raynham, Massachusetts. Go and see her. Tell her about me; she does not know that I am alive." Dr. Butler, of the Army in grey, was also very kind to us. He was a true gentleman and an excellent Surgeon. Whatever I can do in word or deed shall be done for the Chaplain and the Surgeon, and for the boys in grey, who treated me kindly.

In relation to my stay in Dixie, as a prisoner, I can honestly say that I received as much kindness as any reasonable man could expect, considering the means my captors had: when I was turned over to the "stay at home infantry," the home-guards, the treatment was rather a *little* severe for the stomach's sake. I did not expect any better from Dick Turner and his bummers, but I was treated far better by the brave greys of Lee's household, those who could *act* and not *play* the soldier, than I had at all expected.

We will here interrupt the narrative to inform our correspondent that those, who treated him so cruelly, are now "persecuted Southern loyalists". If he will attend some of these "loyal league" meetings, he will find some of his old tormentors, but he will find none of the boys in grey, who treated him kindly, not one. But to proceed with the narrative.

A few days after the affair at Winchester, Va., (19th September 1864) having been ordered to bring in the wounded from the battle-field, I came across a poor fellow lying close by a tree, severely wounded in the breast. As all the ambulances had left the field, I told a woman and her daughter to take him to their house and treat him kindly, and I would call again. They did so, and I took as good care of him as though he had been my own brother. I bought jellies and delicacies for him and got our Chaplain and Surgeon to attend him. Finally, when he died, I got some of my men to make him a respectable coffin and with my own hands, made his grave in the Cemetery at Winchester, Virginia, and with the aid of a few of my men, I buried him decently. I then put up a headboard on which I cut his name, company, regiment and date of his death and so on. I then opened my Bible, read a chapter and made a prayer in the presence of a dozen of the citizens of Winchester. The inscription is still, I suppose, over the grave. George Hannah of Talladega, Alabama, Color Corporal, Company B. 5th Alabama Regiment, Rodes' Division, Early's Troops, Ewell's Corps.

I had noticed him in the battle, and knew him when I found him to be the man, who remained after his regiment reluctantly left the field. He stood alone waving his flag defiantly at us, there were some fifty men with me not more than a hundred yards off. I said as near as I now recollect "Great God, boys, don't shoot, don't shoot that Color Bearer, it takes centuries to produce such a man"! He was shot, I think, by some one of the 122d New York, a few moments after I spoke. There was a young man by the name of Joseph Wilson belonging to the same village in Alabama, who was kindly cared for by me and who knows of my kindness to Hannah. Mr. Wilson got well and I suppose is still living.

First Lieutenant James Burns of the 52d Virginia Regiment was wounded in the stomach, in the same engagement. I had him carried under a large oak tree out of the sun. I did all that I could to relieve his suffering. Before he died, he requested me to take his diary and letters to his father near

Mount Jackson (or Roseland.) I told him that I would try to carry out his wishes. I filled his canteen with water and sorrowfully left him. A few days after when near Mount Jackson, I tried several times to deliver the package, but was prevented. Once I crawled up to within a few hundred yards of Mr. Burns' house, but I was fired upon and had to retire. I finally left the diary and package with a young lady named Haymaker, living just on the edge of Winchester, who knew the family of Mr. Burns, and who promised to deliver them.

JAMES J. WRIGHT.

The incidents related by our correspondent are worth all the reconstruction bills, which even a wise and magnanimous Congress could pass in scores of sessions.

If Mr. W. should ever come South, he will find his magnanimous foes pursuing quietly their several avocations. His persecutors may be found too in some noisy meeting, "poor, persecuted loyalists of the Union cause." To employ a figure, the latter are watching the waters of agitation, hoping that some Federal loaves will float by. They are very small minnows, but they have very large and greedy mouths.

From Chillicothe, Ohio, we get an anecdote which has been variously related, but as our correspondent heard it with his own ears, his version of it is, doubtless, the correct one, and we therefore give it :

As I was traveling on the cars between Richmond and Petersburg, a Chaplain came into the cars distributing tracts among the soldiers. After he left, one of the "rebs." cried out, "is there any Quartermaster aboard"? "Yes", replied some one, "there is one in the next car". "Does he look sorry"? asked the same soldier. "Well, yes, he is rather a sober-looking man", said the other. "He's the very fellow", replied the soldier, "the parson gave me the wrong tract. This was intended for that Quartermaster". Saying this, he held up a tract to the view of all the passengers. Its title was THE PENITENT THIEF.

From Ijamsville, Maryland, we get the following:

When Gen. Lee entered Pennsylvania, Ewell's Corps was in the advance. On account of the loss of his leg and his feeble health, General Ewell traveled in an ambulance and was escorted by the 1st Maryland Battalion of cavalry. He halted at Hagerstown, one day, to rest, and went into the Hotel. His escort were sauntering idly about in front of the building, when a Lieutenant dashed up, very gaily dressed, and said very haughtily, "where is General Ewell? *I* want to see him. *I* have important despatches for him. *I must* see him immediately". Sol. K. of "Company A", determined to administer a quiet rebuke to the imperious youngster in the presence of the young ladies, so he said quietly. "I expect the old gentleman has gone a fishing. I saw him an hour ago, digging worms for bait!" The idea of the disabled hero digging worms at such a time was too much for the crowd, there was quite a *breeze*, and all the Lieutenant's feathers were carried off by it. C. E. N.

A friend at Edenton, North Carolina, gives us a sketch of a noble young man, a part of whose history has been given by Mrs. Spencer in her "Last Ninety Days":

A young man, noted for purity of character and strong religious feeling—delicate as a lady, and endowed with all the qualities of heart and mind calculated to endear one to his fellows, fell a noble martyr to our lost cause.

A graduate of the University of North Carolina with its highest

honors, the Valedictorian of the graduating class of 1859, soon afterwards, a tutor in the same institution, and therefore exempt from service, yet when the late war was forced upon us, he volunteered as a private in the old Bethel Regiment, and cheerfully endured all the hardships of the Peninsular army in 1861.

On the organization of the 28th North Carolina regiment, he was made a captain and whilst serving in that capacity was captured near Hanover Court House, in the spring of 1862.

The lamented Branch, with his brigade, was near that place, watching the movements of the column under McDowell that was to advance from Fredericksburg, and co-operate with Gen. McClellan. A column under General Franklin was advancing. Captain George B. Johnston, of the 28th North Carolina Regiment, with his company, was sent across the Pamunkey river, with orders to observe the movements of the enemy, and when hardpressed to retire before him and re-cross the river.

The enemy in overwhelming numbers pressed on him, and got possession of the ford. On reaching the river bank, he explained to his men the danger, and told them their only chance to escape was to swim the river—seeing that they hesitated, he jumped in and swam to the other side, to show them that it could be done, and then re-crossed to them.

He exhorted them to save themselves, and calling on them to follow, he again swam the stream; but when he had reached the other side, he, to his suprise, saw that only two had followed him, private Crabtree and another, name unknown. The remainder of his company, on his calling to them to come over, told him that he ought not to leave them, when he advised the two men that had escaped with him, to regain the brigade, and he went back to his company, which was then engaged with the advancing enemy—amid a shower of bullets. Crabtree and his comrade refused to escape and went back with Capt. Johnston, all of whom reached the north side, in time to be captured.

Entirely exhausted, Johnston was marched seventeen miles, that evening—and from the Yankee Headquarters removed to Sandusky—and kept in prison during the severe winter of 1862-'63. He was exchanged after a long time, and reached home, broken down in health. He remained with his family only a short time and then returned to the army of Northern Virginia, and was assigned to duty as Assistant Adjutant General on General Lane's Staff. Feeble, emaciated, diseased, he endured all the hardships of that army until when perfectly prostrated, he was sent home to die. Nobly did he bear himself, uncomplaining—unselfish—until it pleased God to take him away. The separation from his lovely wife and little child was but for a short time, for soon the grave opened again, and they rested by his side. One cause, one God, one grave. Peace to them. Green be the grass that waves over—and light the sod that is heaped above them.

A. M. M.

EDITORIAL.

We have received from Mrs. Frederick Pattison, of London, several copies of the *Standard* containing her appeals for books, pamphlets and newspapers, for the new Southern Colony on the Orinoco. The Venezuelan Government has granted 240,000 square miles to Southern exiles. Dr. Henry M. Price, of Scottsville, Albemarle county, Virginia, is the grantee. The capital of the new colony is to be at Coroni, on the Orinoco. Here is offered to our unfortunate people, a magnificent territory larger than Texas, four times as large as Virginia, and ten times as large as South Carolina. It is well-adapted to the culture of corn, cotton, rice and sugar. The colony possesses a peculiar interest to all Southerners, in this time of trial and humiliation.

The call of Mrs. Pattison has been promptly responded to. She has already quite a handsome collection at her residence, 54 Belsover-Street, Piccadilly West.

A late number of Harper's *Magazine* contains a caricature of the Pope, representing him as an old woman in petticoats with many ridiculous surroundings. Now we are by birth, education and conviction, as strongly Protestant as any one on this Continent. But for the honor of human nature, we must hope that there are few of our faith, who have the bad *taste* not to say the bad *heart* to enjoy a burlesque of an old man in his hour of sorrow. We of the South cannot but think that he is thus held up to ridicule, because he was the only Sovereign in Europe, who sympathized with our people. We cannot but ask too why these scurrillous prints were not issued during the war. Was it for fear of disaffecting those gallant Irish soldiers, who led the attack and covered the retreat? When the Convent in Columbia, S. C., was to be burned, the Irish troops were left outside the city. When their services are no longer needed, the Head of their Church is mocked.

There are some other facts which we remember, not as Southerners, but as Americans.—The first expression of sympathy with our struggling fore-fathers came from Catholic Ireland. The Signer of the Declaration of Independence, who had most at stake, was the wealthy Charles Carroll, a Catholic. But for the assistance rendered by Catholic France and Catholic Spain, we would never have succeeded in our Revolutionary Struggle.—LaFayette, the friend of Washington was a Catholic. To the same Church belonged DeKalb (who fell at Camden, South Carolina.) Kosciusko, Pulaski, (who fell at Savannah, Geo.) Chastellux, and scores of others. A large number of the confidential friends of Washington were Catholics, and we have no desire to set up a claim to a higher or purer Protestantism than that of the Father of his Country. There have been no purer Jurists than Taney of Maryland, and our own Gaston of North Carolina, both of whom were Catholics.

We remember gratefully, as Americans, that those, who were most active in mitigating the horrors of the late civil war, were the Sisters of Charity. For all their kindnesses to sick, wounded and dying soldiers, whether wearing the grey or blue, we, with sincere Protestant fervor, invoke upon them the choicest blessings of a God of mercy.

A subscriber in New-York says that our Magazine is not fit for a

loyal man to read. This "reminds us of a little anecdote." Some of our C. S. Quartermasters were thought not to be over-delicate, or over-scrupulous in their financial operations. Some hard things were being said of them as a class, when one of them present, appealed to a rebel General to establish his honesty. "Why, yes," replied the party appealed to, "I think that Captain —— is *reasonably honest for a Quartermaster!*" So we have flattered ourselves that we were reasonably loyal for rebels. If we are not altogether up to the standard, it is because we do not know what the real, genuine article of loyalty consists in. We have looked in vain, for instruction from the highest quarters. The loyal Governors ought to be our teachers. But their teachings are very different. The Governor of Delaware uses language about military usurpations, which would be disloyal in the Governor of North Carolina. Language, which the Governor of South Carolina could not use, without being rebuked by his arm-in-arm brother from Massachusetts. Language, which, if used by Gov. Fletcher of Missouri, would indicate that he had became frightened, and was turning State's-evidence.—Language, which if used by the loyal Governor of Tennessee, would be regarded as proof of his insanity, since it contains neither blasphemy nor obscenity.

In the absence of all guide as to the nature and composition of true loyalty, we had supposed that an earnest support of the currency was the best proof of fealty to the Government. Now, no man living can say we ever raise any carping objections to the reception of loyal greenbacks: no, not one. And since that little interview between Wm. Tecumseh Sherman and Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, North Carolina, we never feel belligerent, except when some loyal Post-office official puts his loyal fingers in our letters, extracts the legal tender and leaves us nothing but a long list of subscribers staring us in the face. No man could witness our indignation at such periods, and doubt our profound loyalty.

Hetherington tells us in his annals that there was "an extravagance of loyalty" in the reign of Charles II.—it amounted to a phrensy. We have before given the philosophy of this loyalty. It is so pleasant to think that there is but one crowning virtue, and but one damning sin; and that we have the virtue and our enemies have the sin. Macauley gives us an amusing account of how these extravagant loyalists, had, in the next reign, to gainsay their own doctrines, and eat their own words, History is ever repeating itself. The test of loyalty, for four years, was an unquestioning approval of all done by the President of the United States. A hearty disapproval of his acts seem to be the test now. So we poor uninitiated rebels don't know how to be loyal. The standard of loyalty changes too often. We, however, pay our taxes, which are, fortunately, not very high, for the best of reasons. We render a ready obedience to our superiors. We pray for the Government that it may be wisely and humanely administered, upon Constitutional principles. We see that a loyal Chaplain in Congress only prayed for one of the three coördinate parts of the Government. We pray for the whole, so we are three times as loyal as he is. Moreover, if he be correctly reported, he imprecated the Divine wrath upon one of the three departments. We never do anything of the sort; so that for a stronger reason, we are more loyal than he is. But he is a loyal Chaplain! Would that all were as desirous as ourselves of the peace, happiness, and prosperity, of the whole country.

The preamble to the Sherman Bill, setting forth the insecurity of life and property in the ten rebel States, imparts information to us, which we did not have before. It will doubtless surprise our military commanders, as much as ourselves. We learn from that able and sterling paper, the Philadelphia *Age*, that five Department Commanders gave their testimony before Congress. They stated that there had not been a single outrage committed, for twelve months, in North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida: only one in Virginia, (the shooting of a negro by Dr. Watson:) only one in Mississippi; but one in Tennessee; but one in Louisiana. No reports are given from Texas and Arkansas. There seems to be a strange mistake somewhere.

Our New York Correspondent stated in our last issue that the Address of Mr. Beecher, at the Cooper Institute, was offensive to the eminent men and noble ladies, who heard him. We copy a part of his speech from that excellent paper, the Yorkville (S. C.,) *Enquirer*. It furnishes an instructive

PARALLEL.

"The bread they (the Southern widows and orphans) would not give our poor boys in prison, their own lips crave for. Give them the loaf—give them the loaf. The raiment they took from our boys, leaving them in the chilly winter to shake and die of cold, as long as your looms are fruitful, spin off the yards and send the clothes for their shivering limbs."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men *are*, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, *or even as this publican.*—St. Luke, Chap. xviii.: 11.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC.—Van Evrie & Horton. New York, 1867.

There is a vast amount of valuable matter in this little volume. We have been specially interested in the chapter devoted to political arrests, during the war. It is really amazing to learn how many men, eminent for their talents, social standing, and moral worth, were thrust into Northern prisons. And yet during all that time, the Northern press, in the confidence of the Government, was talking of the "Davis despotism"! If Mr. Davis had ventured upon any such high-handed measures, as we find here recorded, he would not now be in Fort Monroe. He would have been deposed or torn to pieces by his own people. Very few arrests were made by the C. S. Government, and only in cases, where the parties were outrageous, and sought that kind of notoriety. But many, of this class even, tried in vain to become martyrs. Botts, talking treason to his government under the very shadow of its Capitol, was sorely disappointed, in not being made a victim. He was thought to be harmless and allowed to stay at home.

THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR, Athens, Ga., comes to us with its usual variety of useful and readable matter. There is no better agricultural periodical in the South. It has the honor, too, of being the first periodical in the country to publish the beautiful and sprightly poems of Dr. Ticknor.

We have received from Carter M. Braxton, Esq., of Fredericksburg, Va., a beautiful and accurate map of the Battle Field of Fredericksburg, drawn by B. L. Blackford, Civil Engineer.

GRAMMAR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE. By Wm. Bingham. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co., 1867:

Two schools have long been celebrated in North Carolina; that of Rev. Alexander Wilson, D.D., at Melville; and the Bingham School, which has been under the charge of the same family for seventy years. Having had near relatives at the former school, we know that it has no superior any where in the country. Both of these schools have a glorious reputation for the use of that noble and time-honored institution, the rod. The instrument, so affectionately recommended by Solomon for its wonderful fitness to drive folly out of the heart of a child, was recognized as of divine appointment in these schools, in the good old days that are gone by. The recollection of it is, however, impressed upon the memory, the backs, and the legs of a goodly number, who are now useful and honorable men all over the South. Whenever, we read a fierce Jacobin speech, we cant help wishing, "oh that the orator were a schoolboy at Melville, or the Oaks!"

The Latin Grammar, of Colonel Wm. Bingham, is the product of the ripened experience of the Bingham family, during seventy years. It is written to meet the wants of students, as demonstrated during this long period. We have seen testimonials, from many teachers in a large number of States, testifying to the high scholarship of the book, and its singular suitableness for training the young beginner. To show how wide is the appreciation of this masterly production, we would state that a very complimentary review of it has been sent us by Rev. Hall Harrison, of Concord, New Hampshire. We regret that it came too late for the present issue.

MY CAVE LIFE IN VICKSBURG. D. Appleton & Co., New-York: 1867:

This is a sprightly and well-written book, of 196 pages. It is full of graphic and interesting pictures of scenes within the doomed City. It contains, too, many important facts, which will be of great service to the future historian. A careful collection and comparison, of materials gathered from every source, is the only mode, by which a truthful history can be written. The "so-called" histories now before the public are simply cheats and shams.

The fair authoress of this book, is the lady who furnishes the tale in our present number, "Elise Beausoleil." The story, we learn from her, is substantially true, and the main incidents are entirely so.

DEBOW'S REVIEW for March is a very interesting number. The amount of solid, practical, valuable information in it, is really wonderful. No man in the United States approaches Mr. DeBow in statistical information. His life is a living refutation of the want of energy in Southern men. No one in the United States possessed more zeal, industry, and perseverance.

The Review is published at Nashville, Tennessee. Price, $6 per annum.

THE RICHMOND ECLECTIC for March is, as usual, very charming. We are never satisfied till we have read every article in this admirable Monthly, which is made up of the best selections from the British periodical literature. The religious and the scientific pieces are peculiarly attractive. Published at Richmond, Va. Price, $4 per annum.